Next Month

THE FUTURE OF EUROPE
Friedrich Sieburg

A brilliant forecast of what lies ahead for Europe, by the author of *Who Are These French?* The thousands who became acquainted with Sieburg's wit and insight through that book will know what to look forward to in this searching article.

CAN TRUST COMPANIES BE TRUSTED?
Fred C. Kelly

This article, announced for publication last spring, has been held over until the Editor deemed the general banking situation strong enough to bear up under an attack as virulent as Mr. Kelley's. Here is controversy with a vengeance.

AN AGNOSTIC'S DILEMMA
Hazel O'Hara

The personal account of a modern pilgrim's painful progress from Catholocism to Protestantism, thence to agnosticism and back again, told with a sense of humor and proportion found in few religious discussions.

THE EDUCATIONAL VEIL
W. A. Terpenning

A well-merited attack on the idiotic movement which is going on all over the country against married teachers in our public schools.

MR. ASH ON DOLES AND THINGS
George Wellington

THE FORUM believes it has discovered in George Wellington one of the most original of American humorists. FORUM readers will have an opportunity to judge for themselves in the coming fall issues. Each issue will contain a brief chronicle of the unimportant adventures of that sturdy American, Mr. Ash, and his large family.

THE PALE HORROR
Paul de Kruif

Part three of this scientific thriller tells how Wagner-Juaregg of Vienna cornered the deadly spirochete in a clinic for the insane and fought it with malaria fever.

CURRENT BOOKS

Beginning with its October issue, THE FORUM will publish each month a discussion of current books by our most prominent critics. Among those who will contribute to this series are Henry Hazlitt, William Allen White, Henry Seidel Canby, Lewis Gannett, Bernard de Voto, Emily Newell Blair, and Harry Hansen.

FORUM
and Century

HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

Contents for SEPTEMBER

My Platform. *A Foreword by the Editor* 129

Nemesis . . . . . H. M. TOMLINSON 130

Are the Drys Licked? . . . . . PAUL HUTCHINSON 135

Harvest Time. *A Short Story* . . . . . DORA AYDELOTTE 141

That Elusive Equilibrium . . . . . RICHARD A. LESTER 147

Soul in Torment. *A Poem* . . . . . ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE 151

Relief and Revolution
The Prospect for Next Winter . . . . . CHARLES R. WALKER 152

The Pale Horror
II — Bordet: Prophet of Doom . . . . . PAUL DE KRUIF 159

The Impotence of Congress . . . . . FABIAN FRANKLIN 166

Hangover — 1932 . . . . . JOHN V. A. WEAVER 171

Daumier. *The Fighting Cartoonist* . . . . . THOMAS CRAVEN 176

Millions for Defence
And Millions More for Tribute . . . . . MARK S. WATSON 183

Radio Reviews. *Political Static* . . . . . CYRUS FISHER 189

Toasts IV

Books in Brief VI

Our Rostrum IX

VOL. LXXXVIII — No. 3

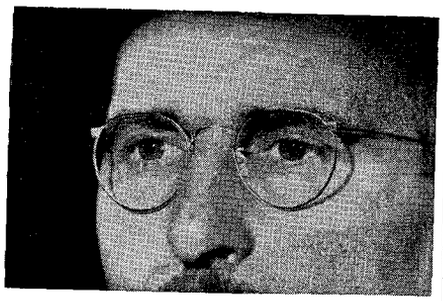
THE FORUM, combined with THE CENTURY MAGAZINE (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.), is published monthly by the Forum Publishing Company, Inc. 25 cents a copy; $2.50 a year; foreign and Canadian subscription, $3.50. Publication office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N. H. Editorial and general offices, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. Back copies not over three months old, 25 cents; all other back copies, $1.00. Four weeks' advance notice required for change of address, and such notices must supply the old address as well as the new. *Indexed in the Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.*

All manuscripts should be typewritten, accompanied by return postage, and addressed to the Editor at the New York office. No responsibility is assumed for the return of unsolicited manuscripts.

Printed in the United States of America. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1932, in the United States and Great Britain by Forum Publishing Company, Inc. No article in this issue may be reprinted in whole or in condensed form without express permission from the editors.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

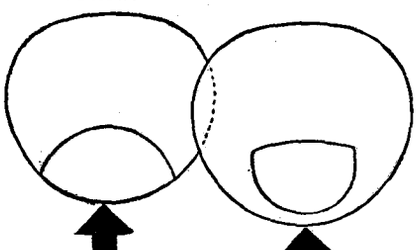
To eyes that are
FORTY YEARS OLD



Things don't **"JUMP"**
WITH
FUL-VUE BIFOCALS

THAT disconcerting blurring or movement of an object just as you reach for it—has been eliminated. You can now enjoy the big help of bifocals without confusion or annoyance.

You can identify the perfected Ful-Vue Bifocal by the shape of the small inset lens, shown below.



Old style bifocals — **New FUL-VUE BIFOCALS**

Because of the greater width at top of this near vision segment, the eye finds the fullest width of reading vision instantly, without head movement.

Tremendous strides have been made in recent years in the science of helping eyesight. The practice of this science demands years of training and experience, plus costly modern equipment. The rightness of your glasses depends on careful and scientific examination, selection based on intelligent study of the lines and contours of your face, and the most skillful and thorough fitting.

So don't just buy glasses at a price—don't be satisfied with hurried and inexpert service—seek the very best service available in your community.

A booklet we have prepared, "What You Should Know About Your Glasses," might help you a lot—and costs nothing. Please use the coupon.

AMERICAN OPTICAL COMPANY, *Southbridge, Mass.*

AMERICAN OPTICAL CO.,
Dept. F-6, Southbridge, Mass.
Without charge or obligation, please send me the booklet, "What You Should Know About Your Glasses."
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____
The name of the man who fits my glasses is
_____

TOASTS

H. M. TOMLINSON, author of *The Sea and the Jungle*, of various books of essays, and of two novels, *Galleons Reach* and *All Our Yesterdays*, is one of England's most distinguished prose writers. He says of himself: "The main fact is — and I cannot dodge it — that I go on writing. This is owing, I suppose, to the provoking nature of so interesting and alarming a world, which will not let us rest. Because of this unlucky excitation, one goes on talking, even though it is scarcely noticed. Otherwise, complete silence while contemplating nothing in particular would suit me fine."

PAUL HUTCHINSON, who has recently contributed a number of articles to THE FORUM, is Managing Editor of *The Christian Century* — and has materially aided that magazine in maintaining its highly intelligent and well-reasoned defense of the dry cause. Mr. Hutchinson will publish shortly a new book, dealing with the crisis in the Orient, called *Storm Over Asia*.

DORA AYDELOTTE, whose first Barbry Miller story appeared in our May issue, was born and brought up in the cornbelt section of Illinois, and is at present living in Chicago. She started writing early, but has only recently resumed work "after a long and arid interval in what poetic souls like to speak of as 'the clanging marts of trade.'" Other Barbry Miller stories will appear in later issues of THE FORUM.

RICHARD A. LESTER was born in 1908 in Blasdell, N. Y., a sheet-mill town near the Bethlehem mills at Lackawanna. In his middle teens he gave up his ambition to become a "tough guy" with sideburns and bell bottoms, and instead decided to work his way through Yale. He graduated in 1929, spent the following year at the University of Bonn as a German-American Exchange Fellow, and during the past year has been an instructor in economics at Princeton.

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE, one of our better known contemporary poets, lives in a secluded country home in Hillsdale, N. Y., where he is a neighbor of Edna St. Vincent Millay and of John Cowper Powys. His latest book of verse, *Berkshire Diary*, will appear this fall. "I had never read John Donne until this summer," says Mr. Ficke, "and I was enormously struck by the 'modernity' of the man. That was what led me to write my poem."

CHARLES R. WALKER, is the author of several novels and of a play, *Crazy American*, which was tried out in Southampton this summer and will be produced in New York this fall. He gathered the material for his present article during the course of a prolonged motor trip through a number of states.

PAUL DE KRUIF has, since leaving the staff of the Rockefeller Institute, devoted himself to the reporting of scientific adventure. As almost everybody knows, he is the author of *Microbe Hunters* and *Hunger Fighters*, and he materially assisted Sinclair Lewis in collecting the data for *Arrowsmith*. *Men Against Death*, of which "The Pale Horror" forms a part, will be published this fall.

FABIAN FRANKLIN, says that he has done nothing of particular moment, since he last wrote for THE FORUM, except to publish a pamphlet called *Nuggets from the Wickersham Report*, which has been widely circulated by the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment. Mr. Franklin started his career as Professor of Mathematics at Johns Hopkins, and later made the rather surprising transition to economics and journalism. He was at one time Editor of the *Baltimore News*, and subsequently Associate Editor of the *New York Evening Post*.

JOHN V. A. WEAVER, was born in Charlotte, North Carolina, lived in Chicago till 1920, and then moved to New York, where he became Literary Editor of the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*. He is at present living in England, where his wife, Peggy Wood, is starring in *The Cat and the Fiddle*. He is the author of numerous books of verse in our native lingo, the first of which was called *In American*. His latest novel, *Joy-Girl*, he describes as "a raucous, infuriated, naughty, and slapstick-comedy razz on Hollywood and cinema-virgins."

THOMAS CRAVEN, author of *Men of Art*, recently made a lecture tour up and down and across the continent, talking mainly on art problems, making friends and trouble, and incidentally getting first-hand material for a new book — which is to treat of the arts in the modern world from 1900 to date.

MARK S. WATSON, who for several years has been Editor of *The Sunday Sun* in Baltimore, has lately written several articles on the mounting costs of federal government, and, particularly, on the steady increase in the outlay on veterans' relief. He enlisted in April 1917 and was a major on demobilization two years later. Save for that wartime interval and for a year in California, he has been a newspaper writer since graduating from Union College in 1904.

CYRUS FISHER has had a wide experience in writing radio continuity, radio publicity, and commercial announcements, and has thought radio perfectly terrible and liked it immensely for as long as he can remember.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From the Counting Stones of the Romans

Came Our Word

CALCULATE

The ancient Romans had no adding machines. Few could even read or write. So their counting and reckoning was done with the aid of little stones used as counters. The Latin word for the pebble used in this way was **calculus,** derived from **calx** meaning "limestone." From **calculus** was developed the verb **calculare,** "to calculate," and this is the immediate origin of our word **calculate.**

The branch of mathematics which we call **calculus** was named directly from the little counting stone of ancient Rome.

Every day you use hundreds of words whose origins are as interesting and surprising as this. You will find their fascinating stories in

WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

The "Supreme Authority"—The Merriam-Webster

BROKER

Originally a Vender of Wine

The modern broker who engages in large-scale financial operations takes his name from a humble origin. **Broker** is derived from the old French **broquier** or **brokier,** a dialectal form of **brochier,** "one who taps a cask in order to draw the liquor." Thus, the **broker** was in the first place a retail vender of wine.

NEIGHBOR

Once Meant a Near-by Farmer

In Anglo-Saxon **neah** meant "nigh," "near," and **gebur** meant "dweller," "farmer." These two words were combined into **neahgebur,** meaning, literally, "a near-by farmer." The word appears in modern English as **neighbor,** with a meaning that has changed with the evolution of civilization.

The coupon below will bring you free an illustrated booklet of word-origin stories. Not only do these stories make the most interesting reading, but to know them will give you an effectiveness in speaking and writing that can come in no other way. When you know where our words came from, and their essential meanings, as they are presented in The Merriam-Webster, your own use of words will become more forceful, accurate, and colorful.

The Merriam-Webster gives you the whole word power of the English language. In its **3,000 pages** there are **487,000 entries,** including thousands of **new words; 12,000 biographical** entries; **32,000 geographical** subjects; **100** valuable **tables;** over **6,000 illustrations.**

Rely on the testimony of **Presidents** and **Department Heads** of the leading **Universities;** the indorsement of hundreds of **Supreme Court Judges;** the judgment of **Librarians** all over the country who choose the MERRIAM-WEBSTER for their own use.

The Wealth of Information covered in the encyclopedic treatment of words in the Merriam-Webster is really amazing. For example, the word **coin** is defined in twelve lines. But following this definition are **four columns** of information giving the coins of the world, their names, the metal, the native equivalent, and their value in U.S. and British money. In addition, further information is given under the name of each of the important coins, frequently with an illustration. And besides all this there are two full pages in color illustrating the coins of the world. **Architecture** is another example. Under this word there is a full page showing historical styles with examples and structural features and this is supplemented with a very large variety of pictures. There are, in addition, two full-page plates of Architectural Statues and Monuments and Notable Examples of American Architecture.

The Merriam-Webster is a whole library in one volume, its type matter equivalent to a 15-volume encyclopedia.

YOURS

Without Extra Charge

NEW REFERENCE ATLAS

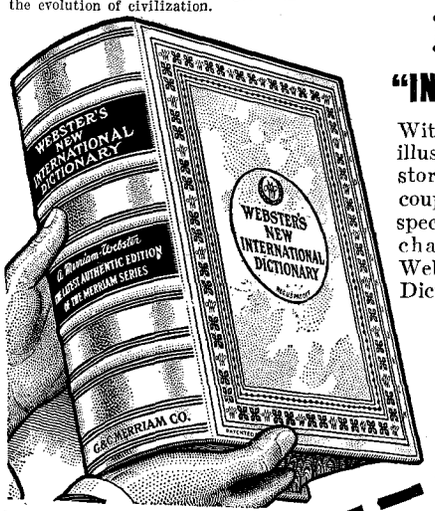
of the WORLD

if you take advantage of our special offer in connection with Webster's New International Dictionary. This Atlas is new throughout—new maps, new plates, new index, new binding—and has latest official census figures for all cities and towns of the United States. Size 9¾ x 12½ in. Mail the coupon for offer which gives you this fine Atlas without extra charge.

Send the Coupon for

FREE BOOKLET

"INTERESTING ORIGINS of ENGLISH WORDS"



Without cost or obligation we will send you a most interesting illustrated booklet containing a collection of fascinating stories about the origins of words. Just mail the coupon. We will send also full details of our special offer of the ATLAS without extra charge and information about Webster's New International Dictionary.

Mail This Coupon for FREE Booklet

G. & C. Merriam Co., Dept. S., Springfield, Mass.

Please send me, free of all obligation or expense, your illustrated booklet INTERESTING ORIGINS of ENGLISH WORDS; details of your special ATLAS Gift Offer; and full information about Webster's New International Dictionary.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

(Forum 9-32)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Should be in every American library."—*Book-of-the-Month Club News*

THE EPIC OF AMERICA

By JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

"The best single volume on American history in existence." — *Allan Nevins.*

"Its brilliant canvas gives us a full picture of the American story such as has appeared in few national histories of the past."—*Book-of-the-Month Club News.*

"A book vibrant with ideas that have a meaning for every reflective American . . .fits perfectly into the current mood of chastening introspection and historical revaluation."—*New York Times.*

"Much the best history of the United States that has yet appeared." — *Manchester Guardian.*

"Ought to be borrowed, stolen or otherwise acquired by every literate American." — *Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

An Atlantic Book. $3.75

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Boston

A Marvelous Bird is the **PELICAN**

piscivorous—natatorial—with a distensible gular pouch.

At least, that's what it is in some dictionaries. Contrast these words which require further search, wasting precious minutes, with this clear, usable and authoritative definition, complete in one reference:

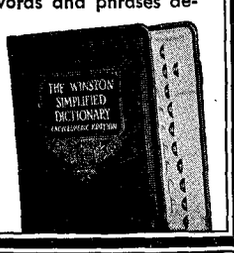
PELICAN—Any of *certain large water* birds (genus Pelecanus) with webfeet and a huge bill, the lower part of which has a large pouch for storing food.

Of course, this definition is from the one dictionary that defines every word so that its use and meaning can be understood instantly.

The WINSTON *Simplified* DICTIONARY

(ENCYCLOPEDIC EDITION)

More than 100,000 words and phrases defined, 3,000 illustrations, 1,540 pages. At all booksellers and stationers, $5.00, or sent C. O. D., postage paid, with return privilege, by publisher.



JOHN C. WINSTON CO.
19 Winston Bldg., Phila.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE FOUNTAIN, by Charles Morgan; Knopf, $2.50.

IT IS heartening to see the publisher's faith in this novel justified. It lacks many of the elements usually considered necessary to popular success, and it contains a good deal of philosophical material which might be expected to be shunned by a public that would otherwise welcome its passionate love story — but in spite of this it heads the current best-seller lists. And deservedly. The story is that of an English captain who, having been seized by the Germans, is paroled in neutral Holland for the duration of the war. There he resolves to find what he has never before had time to seek, "the contemplative life." His quest is the core of the book, joining and finally succumbing to the romance which follows his meeting with a former pupil, now the wife of a German officer. The passages dealing with the love affair between Lewis and Julie have a lyric note not easily equalled in modern fiction — a glowing fervor which, were it not that one always believes in the sincerity of its source, might well have proved embarrassing in less skilful hands. As to Mr. Morgan's style, it has an almost classic firmness, and yet it is never stilted; it is exactly the right prose for a story whose power lies chiefly in its blending of the intellect with the emotions, of philosophy with love.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË, by E. F. Benson; Longmans Green, $4.00.

THERE IS something special about the Brontës. They produce passionate partisans. They have produced, also, according to Mr. Benson, numerous biographers from Mrs. Gaskell down who have recklessly juggled with facts and theories in order to present their particular favorite in the best possible light. In this excellent study, therefore — ostensibly of Charlotte, but actually and inevitably of her whole strange, ill-fated family — Mr. Benson has striven to be scrupulously fair and to adhere to the actual record. This, to a large extent, he has done. Ironically enough, however, he is quite unable to disguise the fact that his heart and sympathies lie with Emily, and next with Bramwell. He is just to Charlotte; he admires her ability, her practical intelligence, her grit and determination. Nevertheless it is evident that the strain of intolerance and priggishness in her repels him, that he could never forgive her for her harsh attitude towards Bramwell, nor for her lack of any real understanding of Emily. This is a delightful biography, free from sentimentality and pseudo-interpretations, sharply real in its descriptions of life at Haworth Parsonage. Nevertheless it is not actually as brilliant,

Have we representative government?
If not, why not?
What is average public opinion?
What is political racketeering?
How can a voter regain his constitutional rights?

Don't vote until you read

SMASH THE POLITICAL MACHINE

by Harold Rowntree and Beatrice McCree

BRENTANO'S · New York $2.00

SHORT STORY WRITING

One pupil won a $2000 prize. Another pupil earned over $5000 in spare time. Hundreds are selling constantly to leading publishers.
Particulars of Dr. Esenwein's famous forty-lesson course in writing and marketing of the Short-Story and sample copy of THE WRITER'S MONTHLY free. **Write today.**
The Home Correspondence School
Dept. 17 Springfield, Mass.

How to get the VOCABULARY you want WITHOUT using a DICTIONARY

Regular $5 Course Only $1
A complete, amazingly simplified and practical $5 course (exactly as given in our Resident School) to increase and broaden your vocabulary. Results immediate. Money-back guarantee. Mailed postpaid for $1.
NIAGARA SCHOOL, INC.
201 B.L.E. Bldg. Cleveland, O.

WANTED—100 Blue Book Authors

I am organizing a class of 100 beginners, who will be taught by mail how to win fame and fortune through Little Blue Book authorship. Write for free details.
E. Haldeman-Julius, Desk X-915, Girard, Kansas

AMATORY CURIOSA

Send for free catalogue of Privately Printed

BOOKS

Limited Editions
Unexpurgated Items
Exotically Illustrated

THE FALSTAFF PRESS
Dept. F. = 260 Fifth Avenue, New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books in Brief

nor as full of warmth, as the really confirmed Brontë fan would like to see it. One feels, at times, that the essential quality in those four eludes Mr. Benson as it has eluded so many others.

THE RUEFUL MATING, by G. B. Stern; Knopf, $2.50.

G. B. STERN is at times overexuberant, at times sentimental, but it would seem that she is incapable of being dull. This last book of hers — a strange, tender story, both amusing and heartbreaking — is wholly original, and surely one of her best. It concerns Halcyon Day, who flourished giddily in New York as a child poetess until, in her twelfth year, she was whisked back to England by an irate and long-absent father. There she was confronted by unsympathetic adults who thought her a horrid, vain little beast and strove to make her conform to the standards of decent, merry childhood. In her loneliness she met Eden, a child actor, and these two precocious youngsters were drawn together by a bond which managed to survive separation and all the determined efforts of their elders to keep them apart. Their love bloomed early, and by the time they at last married in their late teens, its bloom was a little tarnished. One never, however, doubts its reality, particularly in the earlier, enchanted stages of their companionship. The last part of the novel falls off a bit — which does not, however, mar the impression that one has read a unique and disarming book.

SAINT SATURNIN, by Jean Schlumberger, translated by Dorothy Bussy; Dodd, Mead, $2.50.

ADOPTING a variation of the classic theme of *King Lear*, the struggle of an imbecilic old father against what he considers to be the machinations of his children, Jean Schlumberger has used it as a background for his exciting and lifelike portrait of a well-to-do French family living on their ancestral country estate. When Elisabeth Colombe died, the understanding she had so subtly maintained between her husband and their children, through her own perfect understanding of them all, snapped. William Colombe, too old and feeble-minded to feel the sorrow his children thought he should feel about their mother's death, began to think, instead, of ways to throw off the restrictions he had always held himself to when she was alive. The attempts of his shocked and saddened children to restrain his unbecoming activities turned him against them, and he soon fell into the clutches of a local swindler who nearly succeeded in annexing his entire estate. The skill with which the author brings out the struggle in the minds of Louis, Jourdaine, and Nicholas against their father, the feeling of frustrated living on one hand and of loyalty to traditions binding them to their old home on the other, reminds one strongly of Galsworthy's in the early books of *The Forsyte Saga*.

A PLANNED SOCIETY, by George Soule; Macmillan, $2.50.

ALTHOUGH the solution offered by Mr. Soule may not suit our more rampant radicals, it is doubtful whether even they will deny that he has made as lucid, as fair, as intelligent an analysis of our social ills as any yet presented. He is no popularizer — anything but — but even a rank amateur at economics could follow the orderly and logical course of his argument. Particularly excellent are his chapters on "Theories of Social Revolution," "The Organizing Man" — a useful and challenging concept — and "We Planned in War." In his final chapters on the possibilities inherent in planning, Mr. Soule is not, perhaps, as practical and clear-headed as he might be. He does not appear to give sufficient recognition to the difficulties in the way. Nevertheless his book can be recommended enthusiastically to all who are really seeking intelligent knowledge of the baffling world we live in.

WE BEGIN, by Helen Grace Carlisle; Harrison Smith, $2.50.

SO ENTRENCHED is the whole Mayflower episode in schoolroom mythology that the founding of Plymouth hardly seems an apt subject for a novelist, and especially for a novelist as modern in her technique and outlook as Miss Carlisle has previously proved herself. Against all likelihood, however, *We Begin* is a rich, engrossing book, so skilfully written, so somberly real, that one reads it as if its basic story were new. It is that basic story which matters, far more than the formal plot concerning the love of two brothers for one woman, and the festering of that love in the frustrated, fanatically religious elder brother who, after long years, takes an indirect and terrible revenge. What matters is the reader's complete identification with the hardships of the Pilgrims, with the rigors of their appalling voyage, with their struggles to wrest a living from a new land. Evidently a great deal of research has gone into the writing of this novel — and yet one is unaware of it. Miss Carlisle has done a difficult thing superlatively well. Any season is a fruitful one which can produce two such admirable historical novels as *I, James Lewis*, by Gilbert Gabriel, and *We Begin*.

This is real money

"Today I received a check for $20.00 for a story. Another I sold for $34.00. Not bad for a beginner, is it? The other day I counted up just how much I have won on advertisement contests. It amounted to $1,620.00."
Mrs. L. L. Gray,
579 E. McHarg Ave.,
Stamford, Texas

How do you KNOW *you can't WRITE?*

Have you ever tried?

Have you ever attempted even the least bit of training, under competent guidance?

Or have you been sitting back, as it is so easy to do, waiting for the day to come some time when you will awaken, all of a sudden, to the discovery, "I *am* a writer"?

If the latter course is the one of your choosing, you probably *never will write*. Lawyers must be law clerks. Doctors must be internes. Engineers must be draftsmen. We all know that, in our times, the egg does come before the chicken.

It is seldom that anyone becomes a writer until he (or she) has been writing for some time. That is why so many authors and writers spring up out of the newspaper business. The day-to-day necessity of writing — of gathering material about which to write — develops their talent, their insight, their background and their confidence as nothing else could.

That is why the Newspaper Institute of America bases its writing instruction on Journalism — continuous writing — the training that has produced so many successful authors.

Learn to write by writing

NEWSPAPER Institute training is based on the New York Copy-Desk Method. It starts and keeps you writing in your own home, on your own time. Week by week you receive actual assignments, just as if you were right at work on a great metropolitan daily. Your writing is *individually* corrected and constructively criticized. A group of men with 182 years of newspaper experience behind them are responsible for this instruction. Under such sympathetic guidance, you will find that (instead of vainly trying to copy someone else's writing tricks) you are rapidly developing your own distinctive, self-flavored style — undergoing an experience that has a thrill to it and which at the same time develops in you the power to make your feelings articulate.

Many people who *should* be writing become awestruck by fabulous stories about millionaire authors and therefore give little thought to the $25, $50 and $100 or more that can often be earned for material that takes little time to write — stories, articles on business, fads, travels, sports, recipes, etc. — things that can easily be turned out in leisure hours, and often on the impulse of the moment.

How you start

We have prepared a unique Writing Aptitude Test. This tells you whether you possess the fundamental qualities necessary to successful writing — acute observation, dramatic instinct, creative imagination, etc. You'll enjoy taking this test. The coupon will bring it without obligation. Newspaper Institute of America, 1776 Broadway, New York.

Newspaper Institute of America
1776 Broadway, New York

Send me, without cost or obligation, your *Writing Aptitude Test* and further information about writing for profit as promised in the Forum and Century — September.

Mr.
Mrs. } .....
Miss

Address .....

(All correspondence confidential. No salesmen will call on you.) 641362

Why don't you write?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Books of Special Interest

A New Deal

by Stuart Chase

His fearlessness, lucidity and unusual ability to dramatize a usually dry subject has carried Stuart Chase rapidly to the front among modern economists.

In this, his first book since widely-acclaimed *Mexico*, he discusses not only the causes and effects of The Depression, but also tells what we may expect and why.

"Everything that Mr. Chase writes is alive . . . one of the healthiest seminal forces in American thought today."—*The Nation*

$2.00

Our Wonderland of Bureaucracy

by James M. Beck

The information of and indignation against rapacious bureaucrats in the Federal Government accumulated during thirty years of public service are released with startling result in Mr. Beck's expose.

Illegal activities of boards and commissions and departments are laid bare without restraint, the loophole through which they evade the law is marked and a solution outlined.

"Deserves to be read by every American of high school age."—*N. Y. Eve. Post* $3.00

A Planned Society

by George Soule

The author needs no introduction to thoughtful Americans. This, his latest work, has been declared by the *N. Y. Herald Tribune* to be "the most distinguished American contribution to the literature of the depression."

Outlining what substantially would be a Five Year Plan for America, Mr. Soule goes deeply into every phase, social as well as economic, of the current situation. $2.50

Thunder and Dawn

by Glenn Frank

A searching analysis of modern civilization by one of the foremost educator-philosophers of today. Not only political leaders but those at the front of social, religious and educational development are "put on the stand" in Dr. Frank's study which has been hailed by serious reviews as "enlightening and stimulating." One of the most important books of the year. $3.50

As I See It

by Norman Thomas

"A lucid and moving manifesto of moderate socialism" was the description given by one reviewer to Mr. Thomas' sequel to *America's Way Out.*

In the plainest sort of speech, Mr. Thomas digests the situation of this country, pleads for economic planning and forecasts, in order, destruction of capitalism, the emergence of an American Hitler, and the final success of socialism. $2.00

At Bookstores Everywhere

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FORUM

SEPTEMBER, 1932 VOL. LXXXVIII, NO. 3

My Platform

A Foreword by the Editor

I AM often asked "Does the editor of the magazine of controversy endorse any of the party platforms?" I subscribe to none in toto. I voted for Mr. Hoover but I like the Democratic Platform because it is brief and specific. The Republicans required about eight thousand words to explain their position, the Democrats short of fifteen hundred, the Socialists seventeen hundred. The Republicans gave 525 words to the Eighteenth Amendment, the Democrats only 146, whereas the Socialists omitted alcohol altogether and gave the space to food and shelter.

My own platform will be limited to what is left of this printed page. It arbitrates some of the controversies which have raged during the past two years in this magazine.

I advocate:

1. Immediate American leadership in lowering the high tariff walls which are obstructing trade between the nations: this should be effected, if necessary, by bargaining for reciprocity with one nation at a time.

2. Cancellation of war debts in proportion to the reduction of armaments; this in our own self-interest as well as for world relief.

3. An international monetary convention to assist all nations that prefer a gold standard to resume business on that basis.

4. Drastic reduction of the expenses of government — federal, state, and local — except in the public health, police and judicial, educational and social services.

5. Elimination of all compensation to veterans except for disabilities sustained in war.

6. Simplification of all taxes; income tax on all incomes; sales tax when needed.

7. Regulated public forecasting of consumption requirements to prevent over-production.

8. Compulsory unemployment insurance financed equally by employer and employee.

9. Federal monopoly of the manufacture, sale, and dispensing of alcoholic beverages; satisfactorily carried on for many years in Sweden.

10. For all transportation services — including trucking, barging, aviation, tunneling, and railroads — regulation, not ownership, by one interstate commerce commission.

11. Extension of public utility regulation to all our major industries; consult the FORUM plan published in the issue of July 1931.

12. The creation of a National Scientific Council to aid the President in recommending legislation to Congress.

13. Adherence, with reservations, to the League of Nations.

14. Ruthless destruction of the slums of our cities and the construction of decent dwellings.

15. Drastic revision of justice.

16. Compulsory instruction in sportsmanlike behavior in all secondary and high schools.

17. Betterment of our banking system to provide more safety for savings.

18. Expansion of the co-operative system in farming.

19. Prohibition of the sales of munitions to foreign powers.

20. A six-hour day and a five-day week without reduction of wages.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nemesis

by **H. M. TOMLINSON**

I

DEMOCRACY has failed. Among other witnesses, the proprietor of a famous London shop on his return from a recent visit to the United States, the land of his origin, reported the regrettable news. He had seen the verification in America's plight. It gave him no joy to admit it, but what should an honest man do? He had met, he said, a number of men in "the Wall Street district," and they, too, were sure of it. Democracy is no good. It is proved worthless as a means of government. What is wanted, apparently, by a number of men in the Wall Street district, is — yes, you would guess it at once — a benevolent despot; someone to tell Representatives and Senators "where they get off."

Beyond remarking that all despots are benevolent wherever they find cordial agreement, I have no criticism to make. American citizens will know whether or not they want a despot to run their country like a departmental store; he would be their despot. What is significant about this opinion is that it is now so common. It is heard in England, and in the most unlikely quarters; and there is a reason for it. Till last year Great Britain, which is the experimental ground of popular government, had thought a policy of freedom of trade was of most benefit to her, for she has to keep employed the largest fleet of merchant ships. Yet to a great extent the fleet was not employed; too much of it was lying idle on the mud, and nobody seemed to know the cause of this desolating phenomenon. Panic seized us, which politely we called a crisis (for actually the crisis had been with us, and very noticeably, for exactly ten years) and a new government, which called itself National, assumed control. It had in it many Liberals who once were convinced Free Traders. This having been done, British citizens presently were asked to note, in joy, what was described as the Turn of the Tide. Now we were going to be better off. Promptly we gave an eager inspection to the place where the laggard tide ought to be showing at last, but we saw nothing there except our ship, so to speak, still calmly careened on the mud. It was obviously not afloat. To comfort ourselves we remembered that expert politicians are mystics; they are gifted with divination, which sees things not yet come. British citizens, though more and more of them were falling out of work, assumed that all was well, or soon would be, even if appearances about them had precisely the very aspect of the enduring shadows cast by the Treaty of Versailles and the anarchy that ensued in the commerce of all the world.

Very shortly after the Tide had been described as on its way to us, the political soothsayers reported a Vicious Circle. What, when the tide had turned? Too bad! The tide, we had to suppose, while on its way to us, had stopped at sea to perform a useless and vicious circle. So we must wait a little longer for our ship to float — we should have to wait, indeed, till the ridiculous tide grew bored with its silly caper. In short, we gave up our villa at Monte Carlo, as well as our "dole," that the honor and brightness of the golden sovereign might be saved. Advised by expert statesmen, who commonly enough were leaders in industry or commerce, and who were no despots, but the duly elected representatives we trusted, we decided, as traders, that we would cease to buy from foreigners while increasing our sales to them, and thus save money; and that never again would we support a Labor Government, with its wasteful obsession that children should get enough to eat, and a fair start in the world. No more sentimental rubbish of that sort; only hard, direct, realistic measures of administration by men of business with level heads. Our merchant shipping was idle? Very well; we would get it moving again by helping it with restrictions against commerce with other countries. We would bait our

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

harbors with high import duties, in the hope of enticing the reluctant tide in the offing away from playing at vicious circles. We made up our minds — advised to do so by our political experts and representative men of affairs — like that. Yet what happened? It is hard to believe it, but such virtuous decisions have had as much effect in changing our hard luck as our rule of never walking under ladders.

II

Our crisis, which Mr. Ramsay MacDonald knows as acutely as the best of observers to be as old as the end of the war and the peace treaty, is still with us, and it grows worse. Our National government of experts and men of business — who promised to save their country, doubtless in the hope of saving their bacon, for they showed the symptoms of unalterable religious conviction during the election — has oddly failed to give our national health more improvement than amulets effect in a fever epidemic. The loom of impending catastrophe increases. This may not be so noticeable to outsiders, because the fact that the crisis was precipitated by Mr. MacDonald, whom foreigners respect because of his expressed fervor for international amity, would turn lenient eyes toward England and her troubles. For this reason they failed to notice that the delegates Mr. MacDonald, that great advocate for peace and disarmament, recently appointed to the Geneva conference, were three men who have never shown more interest in the problem of civilization sinking under the weight of its guns than gangsters usually show for art. Sir John Simon's idealism responds to the prospect of international amity as sandpaper answers the dawn. In truth, Mr. MacDonald's reputation as a good modern European was the bland and friendly mask behind which eighteenth-century political opinion assumed absolute control of Great Britain's destiny in a "crisis." The mask remains, because the power which it disguises has not yet seen the full opportunity to remove it. Some people have still to be beguiled. But now the first signs that it may be discarded are showing. An impatience with constitutional government and democratic institutions is becoming manifest. One famous Liberal, an inflexible Free Trader until he became a Cabinet Minister with the need to rationalize measures contrary to his creed, to-day begins to envy Mussolini, who does what he likes, and is under no compulsion to explain it. Such envy is natural, and need not astonish us; for doubtless it is disappointing to discover that economic incantations and recantations are without the magic desired. It is an old story. Democracy has failed whenever statesmen muddle figures of trade with figures of speech, and mistake a vicious circle for the turn of the tide, with the usual results on general welfare. They then grow anxious, for they suspect the man in the street may have noticed the consequence of their confident necromancy. The man in the street has power, when roused. The statesman therefore sighs for a dictatorship, in which his failure may be robed in Roman majesty, without likelihood that it will be greeted with ribald laughter and rude questions.

Common men and women, the democracy, mean well. At long last they discern, taught by famine and fear, that those social critics, who for years have been warning them of what was inherent in the war and its treaty of peace, have not been, after all, severe pessimists too free in the use of lamp-black. Industrial civilization does appear to be near collapse. What democracy does not yet see is that it is foolish, for example, to pray devoutly that swords may be turned into ploughshares and torpedoes into flower pots, and then to send delegates to Geneva whose passion for ploughing, and the joys of horticulture, can be dropped into an old shell-case, and lost. Democracy is upset by the imbecility of it when wheat in its abundance is used as fuel, while multitudes are short of bread. It cannot make out why coffee should be built into bonfires to cast cheerful reflections of earth's bounty on shivering wretches waiting in a queue on an unlikely chance of warm refreshment. It suspects there must be reasons too deep for tears, to say nothing of intelligent expression, when great statesmen, after standing bowed in silent grief before the tomb of the Unknown Warrior, go away to observe the new season's crop of bayonets springing up early and bright from the dragon's teeth; and watching that promise of a terrific harvest, not in fear of wrath to come, but with the judicious appraisement of attorneys considering all the precedents and qualifications; as though bayonets, if unfor-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tunate, and at times painful, were as inevitable in the fields of earth as daisies. Democracy means well, but that is what it gets from its representatives, because of its simple faith and its laziness of mind.

Democracy has not failed, for as yet it has never tried to do anything, except what it was ordered to do, or was cajoled into doing. It leaves all to its statesmen. And its statesmen, ignorant of the inherencies of a world unified at last by science, and obviously afraid to face the powers for evil which have taken control of mankind's affairs, still continue to placate us with the platitudes of political and economic notions that now have the same chance of fruitfulness, conditions being what they are, as the planting of wooden nutmegs in Fifth Avenue.

III

WHAT is the matter with the world, that the experts cannot set it right? Is there much that is wrong with it, except democratic helplessness and official folly? No more than a cottage garden seems a spontaneous tribute to the richness of the earth. The very sight of such a bright little patch, glowing and unaffected, should convince an enfranchised man that maybe he is looking in the wrong direction for the origin of his tribulations. What plot of ground, however willing, could survive the mutilations which man, in his ignorance of the vast powers which science has harnessed for him, but which he has not yet learned how to control, inflicts upon his society? Let us instance the selfless devotion of an experimental botanist, who at last evolves a wheat he has imagined. Thereupon wheat will grow two hundred miles nearer the Arctic circle. A wheat-belt is added to the world, say three thousand miles long by two hundred wide; and some of it is at once used by hopeful and adventurous pioneers. It is then easier to feed the multitude? It is not. The problem of feeding people becomes more difficult, for two reasons: we can easily increase production, but all we have done toward the just distribution of harvests is to put hindrances in the way, because food is not grown for food, but for profit. Heaven knows what financial undertakings would be upset if people could take nourishment simply because it was there. That being so, why expect the man of science and the enterprising pioneer to benefit us? When the result of their good work comes along we do not feed children with its excess, but locomotives, though coal miners are unemployed. At the same time we in England, in growing dread of the next war, and in despair over the cost of the last, are compelled to watch at Geneva the Brass Hats (have you ever heard of them?) discussing whether warships, submarines, and tanks are offensive or inoffensive. I respectfully submit that bees which conducted their hives on such lines would be all dead, and without honey or progeny, at the end of the first season.

Industrial civilization, based upon the simple motives of private profits and national advantage, is fairly sure to wobble badly on its foundations, this year or next. Even they who have most to lose by its downfall seem unable to suggest anything that would avert the disaster, although some of them are free with generous shoves towards a steeper place. It is not as if London and Washington had been caught unprepared by this crisis in humanity's common welfare, with its implications obvious enough to be read by anyone who takes an umbrella with him when the clouds look like rain. If the politicians who, in their turn, took charge of American and British interests after 1918 did not know what was likely to come of the inherencies of the war and its settlement, then they were unsuited for anything but golf or eloquence. All was plain enough so long ago. Nothing was hidden. The most probable direction of the drift of Big Business, as a consequence of 1914–1919, may be referred to in every free library in America and England; it has been forecast repeatedly by impartial and sagacious witnesses; and here we are. There is nothing to-day in the prospects of earth which need cause more surprise than when it is observed that the brutal thistles have produced no figs.

But the older politicians have never known, or have not wanted to believe, that the imponderables of spirit and opinion, which are what give reality its appearance, had again changed, and that humanity was veering to another course. Ever since the war ended the world's statesmen have been trying to compel new needs and new inventions, new desires and fresh thoughts, man's dawning hope and faith in a way of life better than that which has

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

always led him to battle and bankruptcy, into the shapes which were obsolete even before August 1914. It was sadly clear to many observers in England each summer, when our Premier proclaimed the crisis as if it were sudden and unexpected, though he knew it was exactly as old as the price of the war and the Versailles settlement, that the political and economic intelligence which prevailed in influential political and business quarters was as inappropriate to England's condition as the Egyptian "Book of the Dead." The election which followed was no more than a desperate gamble, in which even the winners would find nothing in the pool. Let us note it was precisely that knowledge and cast of opinion, that state of mind induced by motives bound to prove disastrous in the world as it is, the obsolete mind of the older generation which brought about the war and then lost us the peace, which also staged a "crisis" in Great Britain, a crisis it has demonstrated it knows no more how to solve than men of business usually know of a dilemma to be solved in experimental science.

IV

It is sometimes expostulated that there have been depressions before. People ask, What is unusual about this one? It is only a particular beauty, is it not? With such optimistic doubts we console ourselves. Things will right themselves presently. There have been crises before; we can even refer to their years. This depression may be somewhat worse than the last; but then occasionally the rain is cats and dogs? Maybe, however, we are witnessing in this breakdown in commerce and industry something new in human history. For history does not repeat itself, but on common themes gives variations compelled by circumstances that are entirely new; and at long intervals records a complete change in the course of man's affairs, as if a new power were at work on us, though doubtless the power is as old as the earth, and has been brought into action merely because of our enthusiastic adventuring into the mystery. We have touched a critical button, as a child might when experimenting in the power-house. Or, like the Arab fishermen who innocently fumbled at the bung of the jar which imprisoned the Djinn, we let loose a force over the astonished communities of men, who then stare perplexed at strange and inimical portents. Now what are they to do?

This depression is something new. Naturally I hope I am entirely mistaken about it — even Jeremiah would have been glad to learn that he was only worrying over some playfulness of his fellows, which his biliousness obscured. Very likely. Yet critics who are not given to jeremiads suggest, as did recently the president of a group of British banks, that industrial society under capitalism looks as if it may fail. If he and others are wrong, then our steep place is but an optical illusion; but I must confess that the slope to me does show some of the fabled curiosities of the approach to Avernus. There seems to be no sign anywhere that it is the usual hillside, with the inevitable rise at its bottom. In any case, whether it go down to the mephitic place of Hecate or not, it is simply true to say that not an expert knows where on the map the declivity is marked.

It is not marked. It is a discovery; and that ought not to surprise us. Humanity is pioneering afresh. Industrial society, over which even bank presidents now shake their heads, is only about two centuries old. It came in on a steam-engine, and maybe ended one night some years ago with bombs on Piccadilly. The age of machines, in which the peoples of the world have become interdependent, has lasted no longer than it took to get up a pyramid or two in Egypt. We have had no time yet to learn what is potential in mechanical power applied to almost every department of life. Let us remember that Knossos was a flourishing settlement for 3000 years, and then was clean forgotten for 2000 more years. What are two centuries? We have had no time yet to learn what the inherencies are of production by machinery, but an immediate revision of old notions about them is now essential. I suggest that the only trouble with the world is that we have given no thought to the means of the just distribution of that abundance of earth the machines have so greatly multiplied. Actually, we are in a state of fear and surprise at our own success. We have got what we desired, and more; but the motives of individual gain and national advantage, which prompted our initial efforts, now frustrate us, and so we realize that wealth can be illth when it does not circulate.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the meantime the French are demanding security. What is that? Is it for mortals? And Great Britain aims to erect ring-fences round portions of the earth to further hinder the flow of life, which already stagnates. And Americans, we hear, want isolation, when the geographical fiction of hemispheres is exposed. And the Irish want complete independence, when nobody has had it since Robinson Crusoe died. Well, if humanity desires to keep its cities profitably smoking, it must use all its good-will, science, and intelligence, and do that fairly soon. Its chimneys will never cease to smoke? A little tour to-day through South Wales, Lancashire, or along the Clyde, proves otherwise.

How are we to mend the matter? We have our statesmen and men of business, and that appears to be all. They worked well enough when the turning of the wheels of the factories seemed to be from eternal motion, and no official folly, however monstrous, could do society serious harm. The momentum of the wheels was too great. It might slacken, but never fail. It carried us ahead, whatever the politicians did. All went so easily that even the captains of industry never asked, as would an intelligent child, why the wheels went round. The wheels were going round. That was enough. To inquire into the springs which motived society profitably was sheer pedantry. Yet now the wheels are slowing, are even still, and over vast areas of the globe communal life begins to stagnate. Yet the only remedies that statesmen and the captains of industry can suggest, to quicken the flow of life, are the devices of administration which, we cannot help noting, are the very cause of the breakdown.

Nevertheless, there does not appear to be anything in the obstructions which are stopping the world's machinery which could not be removed by the steady application of a little good-will and prudence; and that would mean the surrender, it is true, of some of our old prejudices. Or why not try common sense? That still has its uses. Yet pride, with its eighteenth century politics, economics, and national bug bears, will prevent the use of no more than common sense as idealistic and impracticable?

Very well, pride must get its fall. Perhaps democracy, which has not failed, for it so seldom attempts to take control, may at last, if starving, hopeless, and desperate, see what it can do on its own account. That would be unpleasant. Yet the statesmen of the great powers may not let the crisis reach that stage. They fear the secret aims of their neighbors, it is true, but they fear more the common people at the back of them. In Europe there is a common opinion to be heard in any tavern or café or beer-garden, which when compared with what is cabled to America of the opinions expressed at Geneva by experts, is as day to night. A group of delegates at Geneva composed of school teachers, artisans, and journalists, professions and workmen, would consign the litter of dry chatter piled up there by Sir John Simon and his like so high that the object of conference is lost, straight to the dust-bin. Our statesmen are not unaware of that growing and universal impatience over their delays, nor of that dust-bin; they might go into it, with the litter.

Scissor-cut by Hunt Diederich, Courtesy Metropolitan Museum

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Are the Drys Licked?

by **PAUL HUTCHINSON**

It must have been about half past nine that June night when former Senator Hitchcock, as chairman of the Democratic platform committee, drew a long breath and then rapped out those eight words: "We advocate the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment." Better make a note of it — half past nine on the night of June 29, 1932 — if you are one of those with a penchant for Historic Moments. For it was another historic moment in American politics, as the delegates, the gallery gods, and the organist — most of all, the organist — packed into the Chicago Stadium that blistering evening seemed to realize. It was not, I am sure, an historic moment for the reason believed by the majority of the audience on the occasion. The bedlam in which they indulged was in celebration of what they mistook for the return of a legalized liquor traffic. But it was an historic moment just the same, comparable with the fate-filled moments in the Democratic conventions of 1860, 1864, 1896, 1920. Its memorable quality consisted in this — that, confronted once more with an issue engaging the passions of the entire country, the Democrats had again demonstrated their historic ability to guess wrong!

Some day a competent psychologist — or psychiatrist — will write a landmark book on the convention stampedes of 1932. For both the conventions were stampeded on the liquor issue; stampeded as no conventions have been since Bryan set up his cross of gold thirty-six years ago. What responsible Republican leader would have dreamed of proposing, four years ago, such a plank as was adopted this year? It is less than a year since Al Smith declared that the idea of repealing the Eighteenth Amendment is chimerical! But something swept the delegates clear off their feet in the Chicago conventions, and had them shouting and voting for planks that, before they left home, they would have studied a long time and with great caution. What did it? Was it the flattering attentions of Mrs. Sabin and her horde of highly emotionalized social registerites? Was it the howling of "th' bhoys" in the galleries? Was it the wet partisanship of most of the press? We will have to wait for our psychologist to give the answer.

That there had been important shifts in public opinion in the months before the conventions nobody will deny. There was a growing general sentiment for resubmission of the liquor issue in some form. Even the drys had, in considerable numbers, begun to endorse the idea of going to the electorate for a fresh mandate. Politicians, both wet and dry, had seized upon the call for a referendum, and although they knew that there was no way under the federal Constitution to hold such a vote, they clamored for it nevertheless, since they saw in it a way easing them out of the embarrassment which the issue presented. But the thing which actually took place, by which one party committed itself to outright repeal and the other failed to take the same position by a margin of only 209 votes, was no reasoned response to this actual public sentiment. It was a stampede, a mob debauch. Already there are indications — as, for instance, in the extreme reluctance of Mr. Garner and the Democrats in Washington to try to make good on that pledge of "immediate modification" of the Volstead law — that the hysteria which ruled in Chicago is beginning to wear off. But the wearing off process has only begun.

The Democrats are showing more signs of this morning-after feeling than the Republicans, because the Democrats were the worse stampeded. There were a good many reasons for that. For one thing, the Republicans were under pretty tight remote control, and the thermometer in the White House never got as high as it did inside the Stadium. For another, the Democrats are hoping to gain power by

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

capturing the city vote, and it was the frenzy of the city that echoed in those convention galleries. For still another, the Democrats felt that they must outdo the Republicans in some way, and if they were to do it in their liquor plank the Republican plank left them nothing much this side of repeal. Most of all, the Democrats held what was really, in its heart of hearts, a Smith convention. To be sure, political expediency retained enough vitality to deprive Smith of the nomination. But the one true idol of the Democratic hosts was the nominee of four years ago. Anyone who saw the contrast between the way in which the convention greeted Smith and the way in which it greeted Roosevelt knows that was true. And Smith was for repeal.

So we have the two planks, and a wholly new aspect on the issue. Because the two planks were adopted in the midst of such a stampede — for the same stampede lasted over the three weeks during which both conventions were held — it is widely assumed that the nation likewise will be stampeded. The wets seem to feel that, so far as their campaign is concerned, everything is over but the shouting. And a general impression is abroad that the Eighteenth Amendment is as good as out of the Constitution; that the drys are licked; that a legalized liquor traffic of some sort is just around the corner. Well, it just isn't so. The Eighteenth Amendment is still in the Constitution and may remain there permanently; the drys are far from licked; it is likely to be many a long year before a legalized liquor traffic comes back — if it ever does.

At the moment, as anybody can see, the drys are groggy. Their leaders are running about holding secret conferences — with the deliberations fully reported in the press — and are giving out statements which betray confusion of thought and purpose. But presently they will wake up, as will the wets, to realize that this fight isn't over. On the contrary, it has just begun. And as the fight develops, it will appear that the drys have an elegant chance of winning. Not by dodging, not by any connivance of politics, but because the sober second judgment of the nation's majority will conclude that they deserve to win.

The Drys on the Offensive

In many respects, it is an entirely new battle that has been precipitated by the party platforms of 1932. Ever since the Eighteenth Amendment was ratified, the drys have been on the defensive. They won the fight for ratification by bearing down on the iniquities of the saloon. (It was, remember, the Anti-Saloon League, not the prohibition party, that put the Amendment into the Constitution.) But with the saloon chased off the streets, or at least forced to go into hiding, the drys had nothing to attack but memories. In the course of a dozen years memory wears pretty thin. Thousands of the soldiers who cursed most heartily at the misery of their days in the army now spend their reunions telling each other what a whale of a good time they had. The same thing has been true of the saloon — and what went with it — as that source of unparalleled social and political corruption receded into the distance.

But if the drys have been left without any terrain on which to fight an effective aggressive battle, they have been put increasingly on the defensive. They have been in the position of having to try to explain away everything that has gone wrong since their (alleged) panacea went into the Constitution. In the beginning they were held responsible for flaming youth and political corruption. Then their opponents charged them with causing the crime wave and the rise of the gangs. Now they are taxed with unemployment, the farm slump, and the failure to balance the federal budget! Of course, much of this is silly — as any fair-minded wet will admit — but the point is that so long as the drys have felt themselves, for strategic reasons, compelled to attempt the defense of the whole social situation in so far as it had any connection with the liquor question, they have been in a most unhappy position. Inevitably, it is hard to keep up enthusiasm for a cause which seems always to be involved in explaining things away!

But now that's all over. So far as the drys are concerned, they can climb out of their dugouts. It's a new battle, or rather, a new campaign, in which open field operations will be the order of the day. The offensive returns to their hands. If they can discover adequate leadership — a vital question, and not yet answered — they can fight this new campaign with a vigor, an enthusiasm, a will to win that they have not displayed since 1919. And if anyone believes that, despite this return to the offensive, the temper of the nation has become such that the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

drys are foredoomed to defeat, I invite consideration of the course which this new campaign is likely to follow.

First of all, however, notice one battle that will *not* be fought. There will be no battle over resubmission. Resubmission, in some form, is coming. The drys, except for a handful of third party extremists who cut no figure, will make no contest at this point. They will fight over the form which resubmission is to take (and I will say more about that later) but resubmission itself they accept. Indeed, it can be put more strongly. In view of the way in which resubmission seems likely to reach the electorate, the drys regard its coming as the greatest piece of good luck to have befallen them for years.

But if in this new campaign there will be no battle over resubmission, where will the fight be joined? The fight will center around three major battles, and in every one of these battles the drys can take the offensive.

The Battle over Congress

First, there will be the Battle for the Seventy-Third Congress. This, the first major engagement of the new campaign, will be fought between now and the eighth of November. It is the battle in which the two platform planks on liquor are most concerned. There is an illusion abroad that these planks are important because they outline a policy for the Presidential candidates, for Hoover and Roosevelt. But a moment's consideration will show that neither plank has much to do, directly, with the Presidency. Any policy which obtained Presidential endorsement would, to be sure, have a strong likelihood of adoption in a Congress controlled by that President's party. But recent history has proved that Congressional action does not inevitably follow the line of Presidential recommendation, no matter what the margin of party control.

Look at the two liquor planks and you will see that both deal with amendment of the Constitution. Constitutional amendment is, in its initial stages, a matter for Congressional action. Amendments may be proposed by Presidents, just as they may be proposed by the entertainment committee of the Jenkins Center Parent-Teachers Association, or by anybody else who takes a fancy to proposing. But amendments can be introduced — inserted into the Constitutional machinery, so to speak — only by Congress. Two-thirds of the members of each house must approve the submission of the proposed amendment to the states, or the machinery will not begin to grind.

For this reason, the first battle in the new campaign is the battle over the election of the new Congressmen. Mr. Roosevelt may be as wet as he says he is and Mr. Hoover may be as dry as the drys try to make themselves believe he is, and it will not have a great deal to do with what happens to the Eighteenth Amendment after the fourth of next March. But the purpose of each new Congressman with regard to the Amendment *will* have a great deal to do with its fate. That is where the platform planks come in, and that is why the new dry strategy must obviously begin by smoking out all candidates on their relation to those planks.

Most of the Congressional candidates were nominated before the Chicago planks were adopted. They obtained their nominations by formulations in regard to this issue which, in most cases, have little likeness to the proposals which the national party platforms have now endorsed. Do these candidates stand by the national party planks, or are they running on planks of their own? The drys will make it their business to find out, and to rally their following to vote accordingly.

This is no minor skirmish. In the city of Chicago, for example, the Republican organization has already announced that it adopted its own platform, calling for straight repeal, before the meeting of the national convention, and that Republican candidates in Cook County are running on that plank. That means thirteen votes in the next Congress. On the other hand, there will be districts all over the South where the Democratic candidates will feel just as free to repudiate their party's liquor plank as did Al Smith four years ago, and where the Congressional nominees will refuse to be bound by the Chicago decision for repeal.

But why, some may object, should the drys be concerned as to whether Congressional candidates favor the Republican or the Democratic plank? Do not both provide a method for doing away with the Eighteenth Amendment? They do, but with important differences. These differences make it possible for the drys to support with vigor candidates for Congress who are running on the one plank, while they must oppose those running on the other. To

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

make these differences clear, I must ask the reader to take copies of the two planks and lay them side by side; then to read them *all the way through*.

There is already a popular legend — seduously cultivated by that portion of the press which favors outright repeal — that the Republican plank is a horrible exhibit of slipperyness and hypocrisy while the Democratic plank is a glorious example of candor and courage. Neither is anything of the sort. The Republican plank contains an outline for a perfectly plain and honest way of dealing with the issue, although this plan is in danger of being obscured for the superficial reader by the verbal luxuriance which runs riot over the whole platform. The Democratic plank also contains an outline for a plain way of dealing with the issue, but almost every word that follows the first eight is put there to draw attention from what that plan involves.

What is the plan embodied in the Republican plank? It favors resubmission. But, in line with the findings of the Wickersham committee, it holds that if the Eighteenth Amendment is to be done away, something must at the same time be put in its place that will conserve the gains made under federal prohibition. So it outlines what that substitute would have to do. It would return to the states the power to deal with the liquor traffic, but it would retain in the hands of the Federal Government power to prevent the return of the saloon and to protect dry states against liquor importations from their wet neighbors. This substitute amendment, when formulated, the Republican plank proposes to submit to the nation, calling on the people to elect delegates to special conventions solely on the issue as to whether they favor the specific substitute or the Eighteenth Amendment as it now stands. But the plank exempts party members from supporting the proposed substitute, when, if, and as formulated and submitted. There, that is the plan in the Republican plank. What is ambiguous about it? Where is the straddle?

What is the plan in the Democratic plank? It, too, favors resubmission. But it favors submitting, not some alternative method for dealing with the liquor traffic, but only repeal. It would submit to the people, again acting through special conventions, the proposal of wiping out the present Amendment and going back to exactly where the nation was before it was enacted. It calls, also, for the immediate modification of the Volstead Act, but that has already been shown to be a demand for campaign purposes only. Beyond this, what is proposed? Not a thing! There is a lot of talk about state legislation to "promote temperance" and "prevent the return of the saloon," and the Federal Government is called on to "exert its power" to protect the dry states. But there is no plan proposed or outlined by which any of these things can be done. Since the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, without the enactment of a specific substitute, would automatically return the nation to the point where the saloon would again be a legal institution, and since one reason why national prohibition came in the first place was because of the inability of the old interstate commerce laws to protect dry states, the plan really consists of nothing but putting up to the people a choice between the retention and rejection of the present Amendment.

Is there any difficulty in understanding why, as between these two plans, the drys have a definite choice? The Democratic plan — return to the *status quo ante* — they regard as impossible. The Republican plan — submission to the people of choice between the Eighteenth Amendment and a specific substitute for that document — they regard as providing for a fair, sensible, and patriotic test. Therefore, Congressional candidates who support the Democratic plan must reckon on dry opposition; those who support the other plan can fairly expect dry support. Here is the first battle of the new dry campaign. But it is only the first!

Drafting the Amendment

The second battle will open as soon as the Seventy-third Congress convenes. It will be the Battle over the Writing of the Twentieth Amendment. That battle will be short or long, depending on the outcome of the battle that is now in progress. If a Congress with a sufficiently large repeal majority has been elected, the second battle will be very short. Indeed, it will be no battle at all. The Twentieth Amendment, repealing the Eighteenth, can be written in terms of the Democratic plank in a ten-minute conference.

But the chances of this happening are slim.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

That two-thirds majority required to submit a Constitutional amendment to the states is the stumbling-block. It is conceivable that in the present public temper the wets might be able to muster in the next Congress a majority for outright repeal, but two-thirds is another matter. When the South and the agrarian West are remembered, it seems about as safe as any political prediction can be to say that the necessary vote to submit an amendment will be available only for an amendment that provides some specific substitute for the one now in the Constitution.

The reason why the Republican plan has much the greater chance of success at this point is that while the drys would oppose naked repeal to the end (and with the prospect of maintaining their one-third vote indefinitely) the wets must admit that the substitute amendment outlined by the Republicans contains almost everything for which they have been agitating. It has in it a legalized liquor traffic, state's rights, and no saloon. That might almost be said to have been the Raskob battlecry for the last four years! How could the wets, in good faith, refuse to vote for the submission of this in case they couldn't get the other?

Let it be regarded then as probable that, no matter which party has the advantage in the next Congress, the plan of submitting to the people a specific substitute for the Eighteenth Amendment will have the only likelihood of adoption. Accordingly, Congress will prepare to formulate such a substitute. And immediately the second great battle will open! With the drys again on the offensive!

It has been one thing for the Republicans to promise that the substitute for the Eighteenth Amendment which they will submit to the nation will do certain specific things. It will prove something very different to write a draft amendment that will, in legal phraseology, hold out reasonable hope of actually accomplishing those things. Some of the things the substitute promises will not be difficult to formulate. Such, for example, will be the retention to the Federal Government of power to act in the regulation of the liquor traffic.

But how, with power to regulate the traffic returned to the states, will the Federal Government insure that there will be no return of the saloon? And how, in these days of motor truck fleets and airplanes and transcontinental high-speed highways, will it protect the dry states against their wet neighbors? That is where the fight will center. The drys will have a vast amount of recorded experience, dating from the days before the Eighteenth Amendment, by which to attack the adequacy of the wording of the new amendment. If, as is altogether possible, they can make it plain to the nation that no substitute can be framed which can be expected to perform what it promises any more successfully than does the present Amendment — if as much so — they will make the outcome of the resubmission, when it takes place, very doubtful.

The Battle of the Amendments

Such resubmission, when it comes, will of course be the third battle in the new campaign. It will be the Battle of the Twentieth Amendment. Or perhaps better, the Battle of the Amendments. The existing Eighteenth *vs.* the proposed Twentieth. That battle is still so far away, however, that I do not care to treat its probable tactics in much detail here. It is sufficient to say that it will find the drys still on the offensive, having a concrete object against which to direct their attack, and the wets may easily find themselves with much less than their maximum strength.

Why may this be so? Because there are different kinds, or gradations, of wets. There are wets who will be satisfied with nothing less than repeal. There are wets who will be satisfied with nothing less than a guarantee against the return of the saloon. There are wets who will be satisfied with nothing less than a plan that eliminates or controls the element of private profit in the liquor traffic. And there are other kinds of wets. Everybody knows this, but not everybody stops to realize that, when a specific substitute is up for action, its terms are bound to prove unsatisfactory to some of those different kinds of wets. The drys can be counted on, when it comes to a showdown between the Eighteenth and the Twentieth, to rally to the Eighteenth. But not all the wets can be counted on to rally to the Twentieth, any more than all of them can be counted on to vote for Roosevelt, as Mrs. Sabin is finding out.

The third battle will therefore open with the possibility of division in the wet ranks. On the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

opposite side of the line it will find the drys well supplied with ammunition. They will claim, it can be expected, that the new amendment will not be able to do what it promises. The eternal lawlessness of the liquor traffic, no matter what the regulation involved, will be brought forward to indicate the hopelessness of expecting the new amendment to succeed. The menace of the saloon's return will be pointed out. And the really impressive facts that are available will be marshaled to show that, in the last two or three years, prohibition has been working with increasing efficiency — that it has worked far better than might have been expected after the start it got under the Harding-Daugherty régime. Why give up for an untried and unpromising alternative at a time when bootlegging is decreasing, speakeasies diminishing, and the public discovering that it is possible to carry on social life without a case of fake Scotch in the pantry?

That is the sort of ammunition that the drys will be using in the third battle. That, plus ridicule of the extravagant claims which the wets have been making for the social and economic benefits that are promised to flow out of a new amendment. For twelve years the drys have had to bear the brunt of that attack, for it is unfortunately true that the supporters of every cause, in trying to put it across, claim for it virtues that it cannot, on adoption, demonstrate. But already that particular line of attack is shifting into the hands of the drys. I notice, for instance, that the W. C. T. U. has sent to all its members a dodger which they are asked to distribute generally, listing fourteen promises made by advocates of modification. These begin with "A billion dollars a year in taxes" and run through "Disappearance of the gangster" and "Perfect law enforcement" to "Millenium." A thing like that is just one brigade in the dry army starting the third battle of the new campaign a little early.

The Drys Need Leaders

I THINK that I have shown why, with this new campaign opening, I not only do not believe that the drys are already licked, but why I believe that they will develop more strength than they have been able to muster since the Eighteenth Amendment was adopted. The one thing that most disturbs my confidence about this is the matter of leadership. *If* the drys get adequate leadership, these things should follow. But that is a big "if." There is very little of what may be called the professional dry leadership that has demonstrated any capacity for measuring up to the requirements of such a campaign as this that lies ahead. And political leadership has dropped away from the drys during the period when Republican Presidents, because of the exigencies of politics, have been pushed into the place of being — at least nominally — the titular champions of the Eighteenth Amendment. What reason was there to hope that any of the strong political leaders, even though dry, would put themselves at the head of the dry ranks while the President, who was supposed to be devoted to the enforcement of the Amendment, was in the picture?

Now, however, all that is changed. Mr. Hoover is no longer the champion of the Eighteenth Amendment, or of the drys. By the terms of the Republican plank — which I assume he will endorse in his speech of acceptance, since he is credited with having approved it before its adoption by the convention — Mr. Hoover becomes the champion of nothing but a fair test between the present Amendment and a specific substitute. In a way, he is no longer a champion; he is an umpire. He commits himself to nothing, but to see that the people get a chance to make what he holds to be a rational choice. That leaves the political leadership of the drys open. It will be surprising if some figure of national prominence does not seize it. Perhaps that is what Senator Borah is getting ready to do.

With adequate leadership, I repeat, the drys are a long way from licked, and the Eighteenth Amendment is a long way from repealed. But suppose that, for whatever reason, they do lose this coming campaign and the Amendment is repealed, whether unconditionally or in favor of a substitute. What then? Well then, if I may be permitted the luxury of one final prophecy, I look forward to the loosing on the country of such a flood of liquor, and the return to our national life of such a deluge of liquor-fostered evils, that it will not be many decades before there will be a spontaneous demand for a return to the good old days of complete federal prohibition. Which is to say that, if the drys should lose this next campaign, I still believe that they will win the one after.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Harvest Time

Drawings by James Daugherty

by **DORA AYDELOTTE**

I

Ed Pearson was your Pa's hired man till he and Aunt Min run off and got married, that time all of you went to the Fourth. Then he was your Uncle Ed and they were bride and groom.

You didn't like the new hired man very well. His name was Lodie Green and he squinted. But Ma said that didn't keep him from being a good farm hand, and you mustn't be so pernickety about folks' looks. Anyhow, your Pa had to have help right away, because here it was harvest time and the thrashers coming soon as they got through at Pete Coonrod's place.

Seemed like thrashing was all folks talked about. Ma had some trading to do in town, and you went along to drive old Doll. Some women-folks from out your way were in the store. They told about how many they had to cook for and how many bushel of wheat they got to the acre. And wasn't it hard on you, this hot weather and all, to have thrashers on top of everything else? It was the same way on Sunday, after church was out at Little Rock.

You thought it was lots of fun getting ready for thrashers. Ma baked white cake and yellow cake and marble cake and the best spice cake. She let you beat the whites of eggs, and you and Minnie scraped the bowl after she made the icing. You were licking up the last of the choc'late icing when your brother Bill came and yelled, "Yah-ah, Turkey-egg, Turkey-egg!" It made you so mad to be teased about your freckles. You dropped the bowl and chased him, but that's all the good it did. He could beat you running.

Then there was a whole row of pies—apple and goozberry and cherry and blackberry. Ma baked a lot of bread and boiled a ham and made a big stone jar full of cookies. You stood at the old wooden churn with a big apern tied around you and churned till the butter floated on top in yellow lumps. Then Ma worked it and put it in a big brown crock to go down cellar.

Ma said she'd be glad when it was over; she was about beat out with all that extra work. Pa said she ought to have some help. You felt so proud when Ma looked at you with her tired gray eyes sort of smiling, and said, "Barbry's been a lot of help."

You felt sorry for your Ma. She never had

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

time to fix herself up — just worked all the time. Twisted her dark hair in a hard knob on top of her head. Wore faded old blue calico wrappers. Two of her front teeth was out — maybe that was why she didn't smile so very much.

It was after dark when the thrashers came. You heard the traction engine puffing and snorting down the road, and saw the light as it got near. They took the machine over to the wheat field so as to get an early start next morning. Ma didn't have room for them in the house, so they took quilts and slept in the haymow.

By the time the thrashers had been there a few days you hoped they'd soon finish so you could get cooled off. The kitchen was like an oven, and outside it was so hot that the hens held their wings out, and the dogs stayed under the woodshed all the time. At night your little room under the eaves was stifling. You did your share of work and Bill's chores, too, while he worked in the field. Gramma helped all she could, and Aunt Min came every day with Uncle Ed — he was helping your Pa in the wheat field — but Ma was up before daylight every morning, and never got to bed till so late. No wonder she got tireder and crosser day after day.

So you were glad when it was the last day. It was just getting daylight when you waked and heard Ma downstairs rattling the stovelids. A little cool breeze rustled the big maple tree. You dressed in a hurry so you could get to grind the coffee. You loved to hold the mill between your knees to grind, and take out the little drawer now and then to see if you had enough.

While you set the table you counted up how many. Gramma was staying at your house, and with all your folks — you had to count Lodie Green in as folks — that made eight. And the thrashers — fifteen. Uncle Ed and Aunt Min drove up just then, so that made seventeen.

Pa came in with the milk and said he had a new man coming to help that day. Ma said who was it, and when Pa told her Ad Ransford, Gramma pushed her specs back and said, "That's the man that acted up so when the young folks come to shivaree Min and Ed. They like to tore the house down with the noise, till Ed went out and asked them in, and treated to ice cream and cake. This Ad Ransford — Min never went with him steady, just buggy-riding a few times — he said he was going to kiss the bride. And he acted real ugly when Ed said he shouldn't."

Pa said, oh, well, Ad didn't mean anything. Nothing wrong about wanting to kiss a perty bride like Min. He'd like to himself. Pa was always joking, Ma said.

II

BREAKFAST was ready early, so the men could be in the field by five. Ma had hot biscuits and pancakes and coffee and fried potatoes and fried ham and eggs and lots of jell and apple butter and syrup. Lodie Green and the thrashers poured their coffee in the saucers and blew it and drank out of them. Uncle Ed started to, but Aunt Min looked at him funny and he quit. Pa drank his out of the mustache cup with a moss-rose on it that you gave him for Christmas.

You and Aunt Min helped wait on table. It took all Ma's time to fry pancakes. The women-folks didn't eat at the first table — not in harvest time, anyway. They waited and ate after the men. Bill and Jimmie went along to carry water to the men, so they got to eat at the first table.

Your little sister Minnie came down last,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rubbing her blue eyes to get the sleep out. She was delicate, and Ma let her sleep late. Her hair, soft and yellow as corn tossels, stuck on her forehead in little curls. Her cheeks made you think of the wild roses down in the old orchard. She poured the syrup over her pancakes all crinkly, like a river, till Gramma said, "Land sakes, Minnie, quit your playing and *eat*."

Right after breakfast you put the beds to air and washed the dishes. Ma and Aunt Min went out on the back porch and started picking chickens. Gramma peeled potatoes and snapped the beans and things like that. Ma had set sponge the night before, and by eleven o'clock she had the bread out of the oven. Six big loaves of white and three of graham. The kitchen was full of the warm, sweet smell of it. You and Minnie had a slice of the graham with butter and brown sugar. Some folks wouldn't let their children piece between meals, but Ma did.

You were going to have a big dinner. Boiled cabbage and beans and potatoes and roasting ears. Tomatoes cooked up with sugar and butter and little round crackers put in. Fried chicken and boiled ham and steak. And a skilletful of good milk gravy to go with the potatoes.

Minnie came running up to the window and said, "Ma, comp'ny's coming!" Ma went out to the side porch and looked down the lane. "It's Kate Saussman's," she said. "I know their buggy and that fat gray horse. Might've known they'd come at the wrong time. So much to do, and me in this old wrapper." She rolled her sleeves down and told Aunt Min to take the folks in the parlor while she slicked up a little.

Cousin Kate was your Pa's second cousin, but Cousin Rollie was just kin by marriage. They lived in town and were well off. Cousin Kate had Brussels carpet on her parlor floor, and lace curtains all over the house.

Gramma told you and Minnie to come along and speak to the comp'ny. Ma came with a clean wrapper on, and a white apern, and acted awful glad to see them — kissed Cousin Kate and Tressie, their little girl, and shook hands with Cousin Rollie. Then she told Minnie to go and play nice with Tressie.

You didn't have one bit of use for Tressie Saussman. She thought she was so smart, just because she lived in town and her Pa had the lumber yard. Well, you didn't have to help entertain her.

The dining room was dark to keep the flies out. It felt nice and cool in there when you went to set the table. First you put the plates on, turning them down with the knife and fork and spoon under. Then you put the goblets around with the napkins folded and sticking up inside, the way Aunt Min showed you. Then the jell and peach pickle and watermelon preserve and the chow-chow and picalilli. Ma let you use her best pickle dish — red glass with little knobs all over, and silver tongs hung on the side. She never used it except for comp'ny.

When dinner was ready Ma went out and rang the big farm bell to call the men from the field. They came in all hot and dirty, and washed at the bench on the back porch. They snorted and sputtered and rubbed their faces hard and stuck their heads down in the water. They made out to fight each other away from the roller towel, and from the looking-glass with the combcase under it, where they slicked their hair. Ad Ransford took the longest time roaching his hair up on one side. It looked real nice.

III

When everybody sat down to the table Ma said, "Well, I ain't got much, but

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mebbe you folks can make out a meal." You saw the thrashers peeking around at the dinner while Pa asked the blessing. They were all big men, with shiny red faces and brown hands all hairy on the back. Their shirts stuck to them, and they smelled of dust and sweat and horses. They just sat there and ate and *ate*. Never had a word to say except thanks or no, thanks.

Cousin Kate and her folks were comp'ny, so of course they ate at the first table. Pa was real glad to see them, and said why didn't they come oftener. Cousin Rollie didn't do much talking, but he took two helpings of everything. Cousin Kate kept saying how good everything was, and she didn't know why, but a country dinner tasted so much better than one in town. She picked over the chicken and took the white meat for her and Tressie. Cousin Kate was what your Ma called a real dressy woman. She had her back hair done up in a French roll, and bangs in front. Her dress was white lawn with blue flowers, and lots of ruffles. And her petticoats had lace on the ruffles. But you thought, with a hotly loyal heart — if your Ma just had time to fix herself up she'd be the best looking.

Ma kept taking up more of this and that for you to carry in, and Aunt Min waited on table. You wanted to pour the coffee around, but Ma wouldn't let you. She said you'd pour it down folks' necks, like as not. But you helped Aunt Min pass things.

Besides the comp'ny and Pa and the boys and Lodie Green and thrashers, you had Barney Mulligan and his son, Con, for dinner. Folks said Barney let his own place go to rack and ruin while he helped other farmers get their crops in. But he told funny stories at the table and made everybody laugh, so you liked him.

Con Mulligan was eighteen and tall for his age — nearly as tall as your Pa. He had brown hair that waved on one side, and the bluest eyes and whitest teeth you ever saw. When you passed the boiled cabbage to Con he smiled and said, "No thanky, mam," you almost dropped the dish. Nobody ever called you "Mam" before. It made you feel grown up. Then he smiled at you again with twinkles deep down in his eyes, like stars shining in the horse trough at night. You hoped Con would like you after you got big enough to do your hair up and wear long dresses.

By the time everybody was saying no, thanks, they couldn't hold another bite of chicken — or whatever it was you passed — Aunt Min cut the pies and put them on the table. She put on Ma's two glass cakestands with all kinds of cake — choc'late and carmel and coconut and banana cake. And there was glasses of float, with red and yellow sugar sprinkled on top. It looked so pretty, but those thrashers just drank it right down, sugar and all, without even looking for their spoon. Then they scraped their chairs back and wiped their hands down their pants' legs and walked out.

After the rest of you ate, Aunt Min said she'd help with the dishes. Ma said, "Well, all right. I'll take a little rest." So she and Gramma went out on the side porch where it was shady and peeled potatoes for supper. Cousin Kate said she knew she'd just be in the way, so she and Tressie went in the parlor and looked at the photograph album. Cousin Rollie lay down on the sofy and took a nap with his han'kerchief over his face.

You stood over that steamy dishpan and washed dishes till it seemed like your arms would drop off. Sweat ran down your nose and you couldn't wipe it off. You scoured skillets and big iron kettles that weighed about as much as you did, the way they felt. Then you

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

set the table for supper and Aunt Min helped you spread the long mosquito bar over, so the flies wouldn't get in things.

They were talking about somebody out on the porch. You heard Gramma say, "It was what you'd call a shotgun wedding. Her pa come out on the porch when they drove up and told Herman he could take his choice. Marry Idy or —"

Ma looked up and saw you at the door. She frowned and said, "Is that all you got to do, just stand there idle? You and Minnie run down to the barn and get me some eggs. And take your Cousin Tressie along." You wanted to stay and find out what a shotgun wedding was. But Ma was always sending you off like that when there was anything to talk about. As if you weren't thirteen, going on fourteen! Some girls had fellows and went buggy-riding when they were that old. But Ma seemed to think you were a child — except when she needed you to help.

Tressie was such a cowardy-calf. She was scared to climb up the ladder to the haymow, where you hunted eggs. But you boosted her and she went on up. She found some eggs where Minnie told her to look, and held them in her apern. But you forgot to tell her about the place where they pitched hay down to the horses. When you heard her screaming you ran and looked down the hay-chute and there she was, clear down to the bottom.

Before you and Minnie could get Tressie out, she was yelling and crying something terrible. Her leg was skinned some and she'd bumped her head. And she had egg all over her from head to foot. Minnie felt sorry for her, but you wanted to laugh. You did let out a little snort, and that made Tressie mad. But she did look so funny, with eggshells in her hair and the yellows dripping off!

When you started back to the house with her, here come Ma and Cousin Kate and Aunt Min running down the back walk to see what was the matter. You tried to tell them how it happened, but Tressie was crying so hard, and Aunt Min was trying to keep from laughing, and Cousin Kate was mad as hops. Ma looked at you real firm with her mouth shut tight. And she said, "Barbry Miller, what *am* I going to do with you?" As if it was all your fault!

They took Tressie to the woodshed and Ma got a tubful of water and they washed the worst of the egg off. Tressie had to put on one of Minnie's dresses till hers dried. When she came up on the side porch with her hair all wet and her eyes red, and Minnie's blue-check gingham on hindside before, you just whooped and hollered. Ma said, "I'd be ashamed," but you saw the corners of her mouth wiggle.

You sneaked off to the parlor to be by yourself awhile. It always smelled cool and musty there in the summertime. You opened one of the shutters a crack and sat on the floor to read the sad parts in *Thaddeus of Warsaw*. If Aunt Min hadn't come and told you Ma was starting the fire for supper, you'd have forgot all about going to help.

Ma told Cousin Kate they better stay for supper and get to vis't more with Pa, but she said No, thank you just the same, but they'd better start home. It was eight miles to Mowneka, and with the dust so bad they'd have to go slow. And she was afraid poor Tressie might be sick. So Cousin Rollie hitched up and Cousin Kate put on her linen duster, and they all started off. You made a face at Tressie when she got in the buggy, but she played like she didn't see you.

IV

Supper was almost as big a meal as dinner, only different things. Coleslaw and hard-boiled eggs colored red with beet juice,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and a big dish of smearcase. Fried potatoes and hot buscuits. More roast beef and what was left of the chicken. And cake and canned peaches.

Pa had said at dinner they were going to finish up the south forty that day, no matter what, so the men would work in the field till it got too dark to see. It started to cloud up and got dark early. Ma lighted the bracket lamp over by the stove. You lit the two lamps on the supper table and waited, but still they didn't come.

When the wagon came rattling up the lane, Aunt Min looked in the glass and primped her hair, and said she was going out to meet Ed. She ran out on the back porch, and you heard her call him — "Ed — Ed!" — like she was scared. Gramma dropped the pan of biscuits and all of you ran to see what was the matter.

At first you couldn't hardly see who was there. Then you saw Uncle Ed with his arm around Aunt Min. She was crying, and you heard her say, "He — he grabbed me and tried to kiss me!" Ad Ransford stepped back then, but Uncle Ed hit him and they started a big fight.

Ma went and got a lamp out of the dining room. She said they shouldn't fight in the dark, anyway. The men all came running and closed in till you couldn't hardly wiggle through. It was an awful fight, but you didn't care, just so Ad Ransford didn't beat. When they fell off the porch and went on fighting in the yard, your Pa tried to make them quit. And that mean Ad Ransford knocked him down. Then there was three of them fighting. No — four. For your brother Bill rushed in yelling, "Don't you hurt my Pa!" Bill wasn't big enough to fight, but he kicked Ad Ransford on the shins as hard as he could.

Pa pushed Bill out of the way and grabbed hold of Ad Ransford and told him to clear out. It didn't sound like your Pa, the way he talked. "Get off my place," he said, "and don't you come back, either. I'll send you what's due for the day's work." You heard his horse go galloping down the lane.

It was all Ma could do to make the men get washed up and come to supper before everything got cold. They kept laughing and joking about the fight, and saying what a scrapper Bill was. His ears got red and he grinned and said, "Aw!" But you knew he felt proud. Gramma said it was a sin to fight like that, but Pa and Uncle Ed just laughed.

You and Ma waited on table this time, and Gramma stayed in the kitchen to look after things. Aunt Min sat at the table by Uncle Ed and looked at him all the time. She kept patting his face where it was cut. Then she'd look at his hands with the knuckles all skinned up, and say, "Did he hurt you, Ed?"

Old Barney Mulligan started to mock her and say, in a high, silly voice, "Did he hurt you, Ed?" But your Pa sort of looked at him and he quit. Pa's black eyes could look right through a person. It made you feel like crawling in a rathole when Pa looked at you that way.

It was late by the time supper was over. Gramma said that fight was too much for her and she'd have to get some rest. Ma said, "Yes, go on. Barbry'll help me with the work." Aunt Min and Uncle Ed sat at the table after it was all cleared. She had her head on his shoulder, and he was talking to her low and gentle. He had on his old work clothes and his face was all sunburned and swelling up around his eyes. Aunt Min was in her everyday pink chambray, but when they went down the porch steps holding hands, they looked like bride and groom — the way they looked that night in the courthouse in Redford, when you had the wedding feast spread out on newspapers.

Pa and the boys had gone to bed long ago. The thrashers had gone down to the barn, joking and talking and playing pranks. But you stayed to help Ma. It took a long time to do the supper work. The milk to put away, and all the dishes, and you had to run down cellar lots of times. Ma said once, "I feel as if I'd drop," but she kept right on.

When everything was done she went out to the water bucket and took a drink. Then she said, "Run on to bed, now. I'm going to put out the lamp."

You hated to go to bed. So much happening all day, having comp'ny for dinner, and then the fight. You wanted to talk about it. But Ma reached up to turn out the bracket lamp. You hugged her around the waist and said, "Ma, don't you think it's fun to cook for thrashers?"

The light went out, leaving you in the warm darkness. Ma answered, "My land, Barbry!" But you were sure, as you went upstairs, that you heard her laugh.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

That Elusive Equilibrium

by **RICHARD A. LESTER**

A CENTURY ago Carlyle said: "Teach a parrot the phrases Demand and Supply and you have made a political economist." Were he living to-day he would probably say: "Teach a parrot the phrases Readjustment and Equilibrium and you have made not only an economist, but six business men, sixteen bankers, half a financial page, and practically the entire economic programs of both our 'leading' political parties."

Readjustment and equilibrium! Will our financial-page prophets never tire of telling us their bedtime stories? How often have we read of that "period of liquidation" we are passing through, that "readjustment" which is taking place "all along the line," and that "equilibrium" which is so rapidly being restored?

Back in June, 1931, B. M. Anderson, economist of the Chase National Bank, wrote in the Chase Bulletin: "Readjustment is now in process. . . . Men released from work in one field are seeking work elsewhere. Business men, finding certain lines unprofitable, are looking eagerly for other lines which may be made profitable. . . . The process of re-equilibriation is going on." Needless to say it is still going on; that is, if it ever got started.

One year later, June 19, 1932, to be exact, the genial Charles M. Schwab made an address before the American Iron and Steel Institute, of which he is president. In the address he said: "The revival of our industry depends not only upon balancing the budget in our own industry but also on the re-establishment of equilibrium in the total economy of commerce. . . . We and the rest of the world are the victims of a lopsided deflation. If at one stroke it had been feasible to deflate prices, security values, realty, wages, taxes, earnings, debts, and credits, all to the same degree and all at one time, the disturbance would have been relatively negligible, because the interrelationship of all the factors would have remained the same. In actual practice a uniform deflation never occurs, because some costs occupy a protected position, while other items yield more easily to economic upsets." And Mr. Schwab ended his address with this delightful observation: "Not fearing the future, ready to face every issue, and determined to fight for what we believe, we are on the path toward equilibrium."

One is tempted to add an "Oh yeah?" to that last sentence. But instead, let us look at a few facts and figures to see what Mr. Schwab's own industry is doing to help re-establish this so-necessary equilibrium, to prevent this "lopsidedness" which is prolonging our distress.

A few days before his speech, the entire iron and steel industry "adjusted" wages 15 per cent downward, making a 25 per cent cut in wage rates since the fall of 1930. The day he made his speech the papers announced: "Steel producers throughout the country are considering an advance of $2 a ton on steel slabs and billets to be delivered after July 1" — an adjustment upward. And in his speech Mr. Schwab declared that Congress should put a higher tariff on iron and steel products — obviously so that foreign competition will not interfere with such upward adjustments.

Such is the unselfish policy of our iron and steel companies — to cut wages paid and to increase prices charged. Is that, one wonders, the way the "readjustment" is to be brought about? Is that how the deficient purchasing power is to be provided to buy the oversupply of goods our industries have produced? Is that how the "lopsidedness" which is prolonging our distress is to be corrected? Is that the policy which is to lead us "on the path toward equilibrium?"

You may wonder why I am emphasizing the words of Mr. Schwab. I do so because they are typical of our business leaders, who preach one thing and then, as directors of large concerns, turn around and, hoping to advance their own

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

selfish interests, practice the opposite. Mr. Schwab admits that "the disturbance would have been relatively negligible" if some costs didn't "occupy a protected position." The prices of iron and steel products are some of these "protected costs" — costs to the construction industries which use them. The prices of some iron and steel products (bar iron and steel rails, for example) have not fallen since the slump began, and some other prices (wire nails, galvanized sheets, barb wire, wire rods, *etc.*) have been increased since the beginning of 1931 — all this during a period in which prices in general have been continually falling over 12 per cent a year and farm prices about 20 per cent a year. Yet in spite of this, Mr. Schwab asks that these prices, already away out of line with prices in general, be given the added protection of a higher tariff.

How about the buyers of iron and steel products? Are they to be protected? No. Their costs are increased by these higher prices for iron and steel products. Are the workers to be protected? No. They are "staggered" and their pay is cut as the companies see fit.

But, you may complain, wouldn't a tariff on iron and steel products help iron and steel workers? Let me reply by asking another question: Have these higher prices for steel products helped the workers? The answer is definitely, No! Because the prices of steel products are so high, the demand for steel products has fallen off until to-day our steel plants are operating at only 15 per cent of their capacity, pay rolls are 25 per cent of what they were in 1929, and unfilled orders (largely for public works) are "the smallest on record."

These figures cause one to doubt whether even the iron and steel companies benefit a great deal by their price policy. However that may be, such a follow-the-leader price policy is, in most cases, detrimental to the public welfare. Speaking on this point before the Cleveland meeting of the American Economic Association in December, 1930, Professor Willard L. Thorp of Amherst said: "The business man at present is vigorously resisting any further reduction in prices. By concerted action the steel and copper industries appear to have succeeded in advancing prices in the face of large stocks on hand and idle capacity. Other business men are demanding . . . that the anti-trust laws be relaxed in order that they may legally and publicly stabilize their industries. . . . Such stabilization of prices would probably mean in most industries increased fluctuations in production and employment. In fact in those industries in which price has been somewhat stabilized by the dominance of large corporations, as in iron and steel, the fluctuations in production have increased in recent years. It is this price stabilization policy which in large part explains the results of investigations by the National Bureau of Economic Research showing that employment fluctuations are greatest in the case of large concerns. This policy tends to stabilize inventory losses and therefore stabilizes profits somewhat, but it may seriously increase the instability of the worker."

Professor Thorp here clearly points out what it means to the worker to have large industries in monopoly positions peg their prices by allowing production, employment, and pay rolls to fluctuate. The next question is: How does such a policy affect not only the customers of the steel, cement, or aluminum companies by the economic well-being of the whole country?

Obviously the companies themselves do not bear the burden of relief necessitated by such wide fluctuations in employment and pay rolls. That burden, because of our American program of faith, hope, and strictly local charity, is thrown upon friends, relatives, and taxpayers, and not so much the income-tax payers as real estate owners, for between 80 and 90 per cent of our local taxes are levied on real estate.

In the second place, those large industrial concerns which, through patent monopolies, trade associations, tariffs, *etc.*, are able artificially to peg their prices and to force other producers who are enjoying that much-lauded condition of competition (lauded the more the less there is of it) to bear the burden of the price fall. How does this come about?

It is quite obvious that, if all commodity prices are increased at once, fewer commodities will be sold. With prices higher and our money incomes the same as before, we cannot buy so much. Likewise, if prices remain the same but our money incomes are cut off or at least decreased, we are forced to cut down on the amount we spend, and less goods will be sold. In either case we would suffer from "overproduction," because prices did not fall as they should have in order to sell all the goods which were for sale.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now if the prices of some items in our budgets remain fixed, and we cannot do without them (under this category public utility rates are especially important), we are, of course, forced to cut elsewhere. Some cut on luxuries; some on clothes; some are forced to cut even on food — recent events have demonstrated that the human stomach is somewhat more elastic than Adam Smith seems to have supposed. It is in this way that the fixed utility rates and "stabilized" prices of some products cause a decrease in the demand for some other products. And if the producers of those other products cannot shut off production and peg their prices, the prices of their products are bound to fall.

Take the case of the farmer. Unlike the steel company, he does not quote his prices to the buyer. His prices fluctuate with changes in demand and supply and with speculation on the Exchange. Again, unlike the steel company, he produces by the season, not according to unfilled orders. He can't shut down part of his plant overnight, produce at 15 per cent of capacity, and declare that after July 1 the price of wheat will be ten cents higher. Nor can he service-charge his unprofitable crops as the banker service-charges his "unprofitable" accounts (unprofitable till hoarding began — and then the tune changed, but not the charges). All this helps to explain why, though most farm products are absolutely essential for existence, their prices always fall furthest during a depression; why, though our population keeps on increasing and our crop production does not, prices of farm products continually make new lows, whereas prices of many of the things the farmer has to buy are still the same or possibly higher than they were a year ago. As C. F. Hughes has pointed out in his column in the New York *Times*, "if the key to recovery lies in adjusting this unbalance, then there is little sign of progress."

This leads to the third point, namely, that this stabilization of some individual prices, by forcing other prices to fluctuate all the more widely, only increases the "lop-sidedness" of our depression. In the words of Dr. Warren M. Persons, these "pegged prices, wages, and rates now absorb such a large portion of the budgets of corporations and families as to result in a complete disarrangement of the price structure which acts as a 'log-jam' to recovery." Mr. Schwab is quite right. "We and the rest of the world are victims of a lop-sided deflation." But how he is able to jump from that observation to the conclusion that "we are now on the road to equilibrium" my simple mind simply cannot comprehend.

"Unfreeze" Prices

Instead of helping to remedy economic disturbances, the policies of some of our large corporations have been such as tend to further unbalance the economic system. Their "frozen" prices helped to bring on the boom and are now helping to prolong and intensify the depression. The protest of the 125 economists against repealing the anti-trust laws pointed this out just the other day. Never before have we had so many prices fixed either by monopoly or government commissions as we had just before the crash and have had since that event. That is a condition which, unlike prosperity, is not around any mythical corner but right before our very eyes.

And what do we do about it? In Germany the Chancellor had to declare, or dictate if you like, a cut in all prices in order to bring monopoly prices down below the point at which the cartels had fixed them. England, by going off the gold standard, relieved her industry from some of the strain caused by fixed prices and wage rates. In this country most of us are still trying to discover prosperity in the newspapers and singing "Happy days are here again," or something similar, while Chambers of Commerce, corporation lawyers, and others like James R. Garfield, chairman of the resolutions committee of the Republican National Convention, clamor for repeal of the anti-trust laws so that certain favored producers can freeze their prices tighter or raise them further. To be sure, the Democratic Convention at Chicago defied Big Business by adopting a platform in which the "strict and impartial enforcement of the anti-trust laws to prevent monopoly and unfair trade practices" is "advocated." However, the Republicans will be in the saddle until March 4 at least.

For almost three years now we have been chasing those elusive elves, prosperity and equilibrium, from corner to corner along a downward sloping curve of business. During this period we have witnessed the selfish attempts of the business powers-that-be to save

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

themselves at the expense of the general welfare of the country. They have been "freezing" their prices and cutting down on production, employment, and pay rolls; yet they admit quite readily, when asked, that the depression is the result of deficient consumer purchasing power, never realizing (or not wishing to realize) that their policy of high prices and small pay only aggravates this difficulty. Instead they blame Congress and talk glibly of a return of "confidence" — the return of which their very policies help to prevent.

He is indeed an optimist who to-day talks of business "automatically adjusting" itself. Maladjustment led up to the crash, and we have been "maladjusted" ever since that sad event. Disequilibrium, not equilibrium, seems to characterize our business system. Adam Smith might well have talked of the "economic harmonies" and the "invisible hand" which guides all earthly things in a heavenly manner. In those days it wasn't quite so foolish, during a period of economic difficulties, to advise sitting tight till "things readjusted" — fell back together again. But under our present conditions, a sit-tight retrenchment policy is futile, for, confronted with a difficult situation, many of our business "leaders" react to it in a way that only aggravates the trouble. Our business structure has become too delicate to hold up under a falling price level and too rigid in parts for readjustments to occur automatically. As we have observed, certain powerful interests bring pressure to prevent their occurring.

In such a condition an aggressive policy on the part of the government is required if those prices which have already fallen the furthest are not to fall still further and if pay rolls and employment are not to decline from month to month as they have since the crash. Enforcement of the anti-trust laws to prevent price-pegging and cuts in utility rates to bring them into line with prices in general would help to relieve those who are being pinched and impoverished by fixed prices. But such measures offer slight comfort to those who are being crushed by fixed debts, the burden of which has been increasing with the fall in prices and the cuts in pay. There is no legal method of loosening up fixed debts as there is of fixed prices. Though ideas on prices have changed considerably since the medieval days of "just price," ideas on debts have not changed since the days when prices were so invariable that they could be engraved on stone in the city market place. To-day the only legitimate way debtors suffering from a dishonest dollar can be relieved is by a rise in the general level of prices, which would increase their incomes proportionately. An immediate and decided upward turn in the general curve of prices is imperative if widespread debt repudiation or more extensive pawnbroking by the government is to be prevented.

The Administration's Efforts

For the past nine months the Administration has been trying to bring about such a rise in the level of prices — some call it inflation; others think "reflation" sounds less radical. No matter what the name, the fact is that it was an attempt to bring about credit expansion by means of bank relief through the Reconstruction Finance Corporation followed by purchases of government securities by the Federal Reserve banks. But the Federal Reserve banks cannot force private bankers to make risky loans or force unprofitable businesses to increase their bank borrowings. Both the banks and the borrowers must expect to profit from loans before such loans will be negotiated. It is just because bank credit is so tied up with profits that the Administration's policy has, so far, failed to bring about the hoped-for reflation. Each week the amount of bank credit outstanding continues to dwindle away.

That is all the more discouraging since the Administration's "reconstruction" and relief policy has been, and still is, based wholly on the hope that individual initiative will soon bring about a marked rise in the level of prices. Now it is probably too late to initiate any other thorough-going program for revival so that, should a rapid rise in the price level fail to occur, as now seems likely, then devaluation (diminishing the gold content of the dollar to compensate for its rise in value) or a new attempt at inflation will be the only alternatives to a continued tightening of our belts, notch by notch, while praying for a lucky break before another type of "readjustment" takes place. Nowadays only professional optimists, financial-page writers, and apologetic business barons talk glibly of a quick, easy, and automatic return to equilibrium.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Soul in Torment

(John Donne, 1573 – 1631)

Drawing by John Alan Maxwell

When this my mortal course is run
And I withdraw to far retreat
Among the angels, there is one
I hope with all my heart to meet —
That worthy prelate Dr. Donne
Strolling down the Celestial Street.

Incredible angel! so perplexed
By mysteries of good and evil
That God was surely sometimes vexed
And almost tossed thee to the Devil —
Who would immediate have unsexed
Thee, poet, in thy heights of revel.

Incredible mortal! in whose mind
Such richness of rebellion lay
That thy insatiate will must find
Some wickedest Babylonian way
For lust gone bitter, drunk, and blind —
That thou mightst grieve the worse next day

What wonder that thy earthly pain
Almost destroyed thy reason's sight —
Thou snake that very near was slain
By venom of its own self-bite —
As thou didst lash to bloody stain
The quivering flanks of thy delight.

No armor ever could withstand
The awful arrows of thy wit;
All towers became but towers of sand
Where thy fierce cannon choose to hit;
Thou didst assail a godless land
Who wast the very nub of it: —

The keenest mind, the richest soul
That ever, weeping, did aspire
To heaven as its immortal goal
Out of the sweat of flesh-desire,
And saw the sacred planets roll
Licked round by meteors of hell-fire —

Crying, with anguish that would melt
The heart of God though it were stone,
That justice be not on thee dealt —
That Christ His Passion might atone! —
While for preferment thou didst pelt
With verse the whores round England's throne.

O thorny, glowing, twisted heart
That walked the London streets awhile
Singing thy song with subtle art
Of lust, repentance, fear, and guile!
Thy guardian angel stood apart
And watched thee with a mocking smile —

Knowing that when thy sin was most
Then most didst thou exalt thy state,
Mad champion of that Holiest Ghost
That was in thee articulate.
Thy soul could never have been lost:
It stood all-time within The Gate.

—Arthur Davison Ficke

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Relief and Revolution

The Prospect for Next Winter

by **CHARLES R. WALKER**

In normal times the American industrial system manufactures two or three hundred thousand brand-new unemployed a year. These *normally* disfranchised industrialists are displaced not by the industrial machine running down but by its speeding up. They are automatically retired because the factories and railroads have grown too efficient to need them. Their work is now performed by machines. For this reason the unemployment problem and the psychological and political ideas it engenders promise to be of permanent interest to us. At present we are in a temporary crisis, but it is not improbable that certain of its political effects will be permanent. At the present writing the number of totally unemployed in this country is estimated at from eight to twelve millions. Proportionate to our population, this is larger than the unemployed total in any other country in the world.

In my first article (August Forum) I discussed the shift of President Hoover's policy from one of "no dole" to one of federal aid — direct and indirect — to the amount of two billion dollars, and suggested that the basic reasons for it were hunger and fear: hunger on the part of the unemployed; fear — of insurrection, political and otherwise — on the part of the government. I then tried to show that the problem of the unemployed reaches into the factory, that it determines the wages, the wage cuts, the living standards, and the philosophy of the man who is still on the job. In this article I shall turn to the totally unemployed worker — and begin with a friend of mine in Chicago. Throughout this story he shall be known as Emil Swenson. His case is not an extreme one but it is typical in most of its steps, mental and economic, of the general run of Americans who have lost their independence.

Emil Swenson is a Scandinavian American, about forty years old, who hails from Minnesota, where in his youth he was proud of having known Lindbergh's father. Most of his life he was a bookkeeper — he mentioned his corporate employers with some pride — and he talks with a certain insistence on objective detail. Two and a half years ago, when he lost his job, he possessed an apartment attractively furnished, a small savings account, a wife, and a son aged five. Discharged from his bookkeeper's job, he successively sold life insurance, peddled articles to housewives, and finally took neighborhood jobs, like mowing lawns or scrubbing paint. Meantime the savings went for rent and groceries; then finally the furniture piece by piece.

But his rather long legs remained as an asset, and he looked for a job every day after breakfast and kept on trying to sell things "on commission." At this point the business got on his wife's nerves. "I used to come home after a day on the street without a single sale." His wife suggested there must be something wrong if he couldn't make a living — and they quarreled. "I used to torture myself," he said, "wondering if she was right."

Finally a crisis came last August; there was no food in the house — and the boy was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hungry. Swenson swallowed something — not breakfast — went to the relief commission, and got $2.40 worth of food. "I told them I would only come when I had to; I expected to get a job." Neighborhood jobs held out for a bit, so he was able to get by with an average of only $3 a month from the relief station. Then they collapsed altogether and the rent came due. The city moved him into a $6-a-month flat with a broken-down bedstead and a stove which had to be held together with wires. It was in the dead of winter and they had no coal. This was the most painful period. He told me he was now completely dependent on the city: food, rent, light, and coal. But he goes out just the same in the morning to look for jobs. When I last saw him, he had a "prospect" — cleaning paint in an apartment house.

"Pauperization"

Swenson's story makes a number of fundamental points which I found to be typical. The unemployed don't apply for aid till they have to; they have a distaste for the idea. In fact it would be better if they did, and in the long run better for the community, but most agencies compel proof of destitution first. Five dollars in the savings bank and an old Ford car are enough to keep you off the rolls.

Second, the unemployed continue to look for work. I have seen no evidence of the much-feared pauperization of the working man. There are of course exceptions. Every city can produce its quota of bums who find this a big year, or instances of abuse where a family has contrived to collect relief from three or four agencies at once. But case workers have cut these cases to a negligible fraction. Finally the process of being driven to charity by hunger — if one still believes in the complete rectitude of the economic system, as one is taught in the American schools — is a process of moral indignity and torture which has no parallel.

What then is the machinery of relief itself, which takes care of the Swensons and their fellows? Where does the money come from? And who spends it?

In a typical American city the relief apparatus is built upon the scaffolding of the old charities. This framework has been inflated hurriedly to carry a vast volume of "new business," much like our war industries in 1917. Over all there is usually a semi-official coordinating body known as the "Emergency Relief Commission" which allocates funds raised privately and otherwise. In the better organized cities relief embraces payment of rents for certain destitute clients, food for families according to the number of mouths, shelter in "flop-houses" for single men, and municipal or charity bread lines. A corps of case workers work in the department of family relief, disbar the undeserving, and report needs.

Finally there is the giving of "jobs instead of a dole," by city and county. This is generally spoken of by business men as the ideal method, and most commissions are asked every day why they don't put all their operations on a relief work basis. Unfortunately, job relief in practice is doomed to fall far short of the "ideal." 1. Because park clearing, street cleaning, and road building provide but a fraction of the jobs needed. 2. Because per dollar, per capita, it is the most expensive relief of all. A hundred dollars allocated directly to wholesalers buys more loaves of bread than when divided up into tools, building materials, and contractors' salaries. Nor is the unemployed worker as enthusiastic about "work relief" as might be expected. Not that he is lazy through having been pauperized by charity. No, he wants a job all right, but what he gets from the work relief bureau "isn't exactly a job." To begin with, he gets no more than five to eight days a month from the commission; the pay varies from $2 to $4 a day, and is given in kind — groceries up to the amount of the wages. But here is the pinch. He is now an "employed" worker, and no longer eligible for city aid. Hence many men who have work aid find their families nearer to actual pauperization than the totally idle. Jobs are economically and socially sound, but they must pay actual wages on at least a decent level of subsistence. Otherwise, both for economy and decency, direct aid is preferable.

Who are the captains who control our American "system"? At the top, bankers and business men who function through councils and committees; in the important administrative posts, professional social workers; and in the others, either amateur humanitarians or just people who need jobs. Many of them are overworked and they can't afford, any more than an interne can, to allow humane emotions to carry them away. Most of the men and women

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in key positions are seasoned social workers; the crisis has not changed their philosophy or their politics; it has simply given them power. They all urge repeatedly on the moneyed authorities the need for more funds — but they likewise accept without too much fuss whatever they can get for their clients and work in harmony with the bankers. Mr. Reynolds, the head of the Illinois Emergency Relief fund, was enthusiastic on this point. "I know of no city," he said to me, "in which the moneyed men work more closely with social agencies. It's really wonderful here."

The American System — Private Charity

The final impression one takes away after studying the American relief system is that it is what it started out to be — private charity with the methods and philosophy of that institution. This I say with confidence in the face of official pronunciamentos in certain cities that it is not "charity" but "neighborly" assistance. Three primary factors govern its approach. The first of these is inadequacy of funds. With this obstacle it has struggled for three years, and to this may be ascribed an almost incalculable toll of human misery. In a letter to Congress requesting federal aid, the Mayor of Hamtramck, Michigan, writes:

> You will note that the amount allowed by the bankers for welfare relief during the first four months of the year 1932 is approximately one-half of what was actually spent in 1931. This might seem a large amount of money to be spent for welfare relief in a city of 56,283 inhabitants, but — (here follow remarks on the high percentage of laborers in the city) — you may be interested to know that in order to attempt to keep within the $30,000 per month budget, it was necessary for the welfare department to cut off from its list all those families in which there are two children or less.

One wonders about the other children who have committed the crime of not having brothers and sisters.

In other words, private charity has attempted to handle a situation which was not created by private misfortune, but by general economic collapse. And it has failed.

Second, rooted as it is in private charity and manned by "humanitarians," the system treats the man out of a job as a "social case." The fact that the social worker is often "scientific" in his methods does not invalidate this indictment. There is a certain impersonal decency to a system of unemployment insurance, unfortunate as the breakdown demanding such a system may be. There is almost no decency or dignity in the bread lines, flophouses, and case workers' family relief of our American system.

The third factor, which is the worst, is that relief — I mean the provision of food and clothing for the unemployed — is increasingly taking on political importance. There is, to begin with, the motive which is gaining daily in driving power that, as Mayor Cermak puts it, money spent for relief is "civic fire insurance." "I say to the men who may object to this public relief because it will add to the tax burden on their property that they should be glad to pay it, for it is the best way of insuring that they keep that property."

This kind of appeal does not have a happy effect on the unemployed worker who has just sold his furniture to buy milk for the baby. Nevertheless, though it casts an ugly light on our institutions, it is both true and has the added merit of adding substantially to the sums available for relief. But unfortunately the motive extends itself further than a loosening of purse strings. It invades the administration of relief. Food becomes a weapon to smother protest, and to enforce the political and economic faith of the giver. Company relief generally is administered on that basis; but there it seems so natural that almost no one offers protest, except the victims. This is how it works.

Most companies make a practice of giving food and coal to their loyal workmen. This on the positive side seems no more than a hearty case of virtue rewarded. But virtue means a closed mouth. If a man regardless of ability or length of service goes to a radical meeting, joins a hunger march, or breathes the idea of a trade-union, off goes his name from the relief roll. I have talked with hundreds of steel workers and coal miners who have lost their meager subsistence by being seen with an organizer, or by attendance at a meeting where unionism was discussed. And the companies make no bones about admitting it. Food versus unionism is the simple issue. As I said, this company practice is so natural it is taken for granted. My guess is that half of my readers would be won over by most employers to see the "reasonableness" of a "strong policy" in this regard against the "trouble-makers."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But when it comes to *public* agencies politically discriminating among the hungry, more people are shocked. I investigated the Red Cross in this matter among the Kentucky coal miners. The local head of the Red Cross admitted that he made up his list of deserving applicants by applying to the mine superintendents. And further investigation showed that members of the miners' union invariably did not "deserve" relief. Roughly ten thousand families of the undeserving hungry exist to-day in Kentucky. In the industrial cities which I visited I found a bond of varying strength between the companies who had large numbers of laid-off men, and the relief commission to whom they applied for food. In the smaller towns where city and company tended to merge identity, the tie-up was complete. Any man who had joined a grievance committee or talked unionism or gone to a "Red" demonstration, either lost his meal ticket out of hand, or had it chiseled away slowly.

In the larger cities, the force of numbers more often protects workers from political discrimination, but the denial of food in order to smother or to penalize protest is common. I will illustrate by taking up again the story of Emil Swenson. Like the first chapter of his life, the second illustrates better than my explanation the points I have to make.

Swenson Goes "Red"

Swenson, shortly after his last funds disappeared, met some "Reds." They belonged to an organization which championed the cause of the unemployed workers and was demanding more relief from the city. Swenson found that they were men much like himself, and he joined their group. Then unexpectedly the city Relief Commission stopped paying his rent. He began to worry, but on the day before he was to be evicted an event occurred that changed the course of his life and is the heart of this story. He found near his flat a family which had already been thrust out into the street. It was winter. The woman had several children, and in her arms a baby three weeks old.

Swenson got mad. He organized the whole neighborhood, led forty or fifty men up to the house, broke in the door, and began moving the evicted woman back into her home. At that point the landlady became hysterical; she insisted on the eviction and phoned the police. Before them she denounced Swenson as a Red.

The police acted promptly. They arrested Swenson as the leader and third-degreed him before the "Red Squad." Information on his past life was sucked out of him, but the more they pumped him the better citizen he appeared. The Red Squad quit in disgust.

Trial was set for eleven o'clock a few days after, and Swenson assembled witnesses and a lawyer. Then they fooled him. They held the trial at ten-thirty instead of eleven, and with the landlady as sole witness. He was given thirty days.

Going into a waiting cell, one of the cops heard a hot remark on "capitalist justice." "Haven't you had enough Communism yet?" asked the cop. "No," answered Swenson. "And since I've had a taste of 'justice,' I think they're more right than ever." Whereupon he was turned over to a professional punisher who took him down a corridor, beat him around the body, and blackjacked him over the right eye. The blow felled him to his knees. He was then thrown into an open police wagon and driven to the work farm.

Meanwhile the Relief Commission closed up the family's flat and assigned Mrs. Swenson and her son to a women's flop-house.

When Swenson had served his time he attempted to reassemble the family. The Commission told him and his wife that they were unfit parents for their son. Mrs. Swenson was instructed to go back to the shelter and Mr. Swenson was urged to enter a men's flop-house. He refused and argued, but without success. In despair he turned to the Unemployed Council.

With a spokesman and a committee of the Council the case of the Swensons was presented to the Relief Commission. The latter charged that Mrs. Swenson was insane and the boy an imbecile. Both charges fell to the ground (the boy's teacher reported him "an unusually bright child") and the Unemployed Council won a complete victory. The Swensons are now a united and happy family, and a hundred per cent for the "Reds." I visited all three of them in another flat for which the Commission pays the rent.

The Unemployed Council mentioned above which got Swenson into trouble and got him out again le[illegible]me to what I consider the most interesting p[illegible]tical phenomenon of the American crisis. The Unemployed Council is a demo-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cratic organ of the unemployed to secure by very practical means a control over their means of subsistence. I find it is no secret that Communists organize Unemployed Councils in most cities and usually lead them, but the councils are organized democratically and the majority rules. In one I visited at Lincoln Park, Michigan, there were three hundred members of which eleven were Communists. The Council had a right wing, a left wing, and a center. The chairman of the council, who was of the right wing, was also the local commander of the American Legion. In Chicago there are forty-five branches of the Unemployed Council, with a total membership of 22,000.

The Councils' weapon is democratic force of numbers and their functions are: to prevent evictions of the destitute, or if evicted, to bring pressure to bear on the Relief Commission to find a new home for the evicted family; if an unemployed worker has his gas or his water turned off because he can't pay for it, to investigate the case and demand their return from the proper authorities; to see that the unemployed who are shoeless and clothesless get both; to eliminate through publicity and pressure discriminations between Negroes and white persons, or against the foreign born, in matters of relief; for individuals or families and children of the unemployed who have no relief as a penalty for political views or have been denied it through neglect, lack of funds, or any other reasons whatever, to march them down to relief headquarters and demand they be fed and clothed. Finally, to provide legal defense for all unemployed arrested for joining parades, hunger marches, or attending union meetings.

As will be seen even from this summary, the methods and temper of this organization of what someone has called the "disfranchised hungry" are direct and drastic.

I can better illustrate by picturing the Council in action on a typical case:

A woman living in a certain block in Chicago has five children; her husband is a stockyards workman who has been out of a job a year and a half. But on ten dollars a month sent by her brother-in-law, and borrowing now and then from the neighbors' pantries, she has fed her family. There is no money left for rent. So after two warnings from the landlord — a crisis. She is to be evicted next Tuesday at five.

In the same block lives a member of the local branch of the Unemployed Council, who has been through it all before. He talks to the men and women and together they call a meeting of all the families in the block. Most of them have known Mrs. MacNamara for years and know that the baby has tonsillitis. At 4:30 on Tuesday you find them in an organized body outside the MacNamara flat. The sheriff arrives and in the face of protest does his work. Mrs. MacNamara's bed, bureau, stove, and children are translated to the street. Then the Council acts. With great gusto the bed, bureau, stove, and children are put back in the house! Then the neighbors proceed to the local relief bureau, where a Council spokesman displays the children, presents the facts, and demands that the Relief Commission pay the rent or find another flat for the MacNamaras. The local relief worker expresses dismay but says the rent fund is exhausted. The spokesman goes through the MacNamara story again with a new emphasis, and repeats his demands. If the Commission is adamant, he leaves and reappears at general headquarters with a hundred Council members instead of fifty. Usually the Commission digs up the $6 a month rent, or the landlord throws up his hands, and Mrs. MacNamara's children have a roof over their heads.

Similar or adapted procedure is applied in other cases where the baby is without milk, when relief quotas are abruptly cut in two, when decayed or improper food turns up from the grocer, when coal is needed, or when discrimination, racial or political, has been shown. In one city I found two types of rations being allotted: one marked "colored," the other "white." The colored rations were markedly inferior. This situation was "corrected" by the Unemployed Council. Sometimes the Relief Commission is ready to welcome information upon needy cases supplied by Council delegates, whom they recognize as being in closer touch than they can ever be with their clients — and they remedy abuses without question. But in most cases, there is what can only be termed a "class conflict," and the Unemployed Council brings pressure for what it believes are the rights of its clients.

The Councils' Achievements

I was curious to learn the official attitude of Relief headquarters toward these

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

spontaneous bodies which unceremoniously take control of the interests of the unemployed. So I talked to Mr. Reynolds, commander-in-chief of funds for all the relief agencies in Chicago. I found him fully acquainted with the Councils' organization and purposes. He knew how they worked and knew that they had Communist leaders. "But we deal with them," he said. "We meet with them." He then added that he thought on the whole they were a good thing. "They give the men a chance to blow off steam," he said. He discussed some other Councils in the city, fewer in number and less powerful, which were being organized by Socialists. These, it appears, are milder and less unceremonious in their methods. Mr. Reynolds seemed to prefer them.

It would be a mistake to overstate the power of this new organization of the industrially disfranchised in the United States. In many cities they are weak, and in some places because of police brutality the unemployed workers are afraid to join them. They vary in strength throughout the country, but their power is growing. I will outline briefly their achievements in Chicago:

First of all, the handling of several thousand individual cases and the establishment of precedents in questions of adequacy and quality of relief and in the matter of discrimination on any ground whatsoever.

Second, through force of numbers and publicity a general prevention of eviction in Chicago. In support of this claim they point out that following intensified activity the Mayor issued an order stopping *all* evictions, and instructions were issued to the police of Chicago not to interfere with eviction protests. This general moratorium has now lapsed.

Third, the Councils claim credit for bringing about by "mass pressure" the passage of the $20,000,000 relief bill by the Illinois legislature.

Fourth, a raising of human standards in the "flop-house" shelters for single men, and preventing their threatened collapse on May 15.

The story of the Councils and the flop-houses is a story of battle. Chicago has twelve flop-houses with a peak population of 20,000 men. On January 29, five thousand of these men marched to the "Clearing House for Men" — the general flop-house headquarters, on Monroe and Green Streets, and made certain demands on the management. They included three meals a day instead of two, two feet of air space between beds, tobacco twice a week, no discrimination against members of the Unemployed Council, free medical attention, and the right to hold meetings in all flop-houses.

In the end most of these demands were won, but not without a "class war." In the shelter at 220 South Morgan Street, when the men demanded the right to hold their own meetings, the management replied — religious services only and no outside speakers. The flop-house was run by the Salvation Army, though it received aid from state funds. To enforce this edict the police were sent for and three patrolmen arrived. They were picked up by the men and thrown out into the street. The management then summoned more police. Eight arrived and were escorted out like their fellows. After that, whole squads of police arrived at Morgan Street with guns and tear gas and drove the men into the street. Thereupon the Unemployed Councils — which have their branches in every shelter — mobilized *all* the flop-houses of the city. A leaflet was distributed protesting against the police assault, and delegations visited the management of each shelter protesting their right to hold meetings of their own, and with speakers of their own choice. The demand was finally allowed.

Other demands won by the flop-house councils are enforcement of fire regulations, vegetables and fruit twice a week, and as I left a demand was being presented in one shelter for a separate room for sick occupants; at this flop-house the "living room" and "hospital" were the same.

Last year the flop-houses closed down like clock-work on certain dates in April and May. This followed the old tradition that flop-house men are hoboes "lying up" for the winter, and it is time they got going in the spring. Ninety per cent of the flop-house population in America this winter are *not* hoboes or even "migratory workers"; they are workers, out of jobs.

When word of the proposed closure reached the Unemployed Councils they took action, first to mobilize working class bodies and bring protest. Next on April 12, a joint committee called upon the heads of the Emergency Relief Commission and the City Council to demand that the shelters be kept open or that the inmates be granted relief in cash. This was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

accompanied by picket lines in the Loop and at the homes of the city's aldermen.

The Relief Commission said "they would take the matter up." The Unemployed Councils never received a formal diplomatic acceptance. That was not to be expected. But word went out from the "Clearing House for Men" to all shelter superintendents that the houses were to remain open longer — at least till June 1.

So much for Chicago. In the smaller cities the Unemployed Councils are weaker and are sometimes broken up by the authorities. But when for any reason the Unemployed Council does not exist, the unemployed and "the disfranchised hungry" are assuredly stripped of their sole means of discussion, redress, or protest. In the cities I visited the economic status of the unemployed worker, amount of relief, *etc.*, was directly proportional to the strength and the struggle of the Unemployed Council. In Youngstown, Ohio, where the council was weak and scattered, soup lines generally provided one meal a day and the other relief was $1.50 per week per family. In Indiana Harbor, where the Council was strong, relief was $4 to $5 a week, and graded upward according to the size of the family. Life in any flop-house is deadly enough, but it is decent and tolerable in Chicago compared with the cities where no fight has been made for humane conditions by the Unemployed Councils. In Youngstown they are herded into an ex-jail, where there are no cots; they are given one bowl of soup a day and given the floor to sleep on, without blankets.

The Coming Winter

In looking toward the immediate future as conditioned by the phenomena of the past three years, I am willing to hazard a few conclusions:

I believe that the curve of dependency is bound to increase this winter, not only because of some growth in the actual number of the unemployed, but because the resources of thousands hitherto independent will be gone.

The failure of private relief will become so apparent in terms of human tragedy that it will be accepted without debate and the federal government reluctantly will appropriate inadequate sums for direct and indirect relief to the states and cities.

There will be increasing outbursts of employed and unemployed alike — a kind of spontaneous democracy expressing itself in organized demonstrations by large masses of people. I use the word organized and I use the word democracy advisedly. They will not be mobs — though the police will often break them up — but will march or meet in order, elect their own spokesmen and committees, and work out in detail their demands for work or relief. They will present their formulated needs to factory superintendents, relief commissions, and city councils, and to the government at Washington. At least in some measure their needs will be met and their demands considered, as the Illinois legislature considered and met the needs of the Chicago hungry with an appropriation of $12,000,000 last February. Will they be led by radicals and "Reds"? Yes. This will not invalidate their needs for food, clothes, shelter, and decency, and will on the whole tend to win them attention.

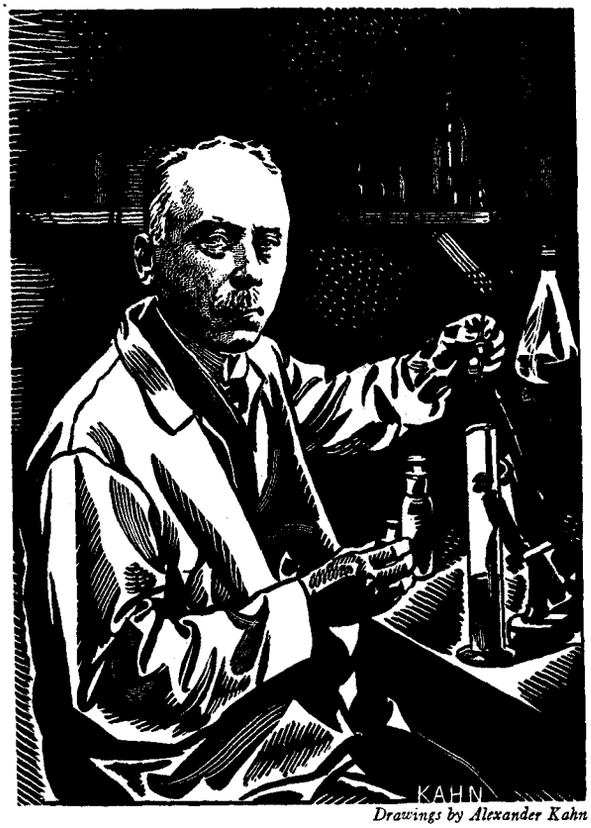
Another social tendency will grow with equal force, I believe, among other groups of the population. This tendency, born of fear, is to suppress by any means at hand this rough-and-ready democracy. Meetings, marches, unions, and councils will be greeted in many cases — as they were in Detroit — with bullets and not relief. And it will be easy to find patriotic slogans in "Red agitation," "protection of private property," and "maintenance of order." The drastic and unceremonious methods of the new democracy will frighten the timid and increase the number of riot calls and the use of the state's powers. As long as the American crisis lasts these two political tendencies — "spontaneous but organized" protest, and suppression by violence — will fight it out. And to the intelligent it is apparent that when directed against large portions of the population the second tendency will intensify the first, and so fail of its object.

When the depression lightens in America — as it will in a year or two, barring a world war — the political experience of these four or five years will remain: the experience of Americans in a new and partially effective "democracy of need," and the experience of Americans in sitting on the lid of that democracy. Both will remain as a permanent part of our inheritance. And in the long run this inheritance will determine the form of American society.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Pale Horror

II—Bordet: Prophet of Doom



Drawings by Alexander Kahn

***by* PAUL DE KRUIF**

I

JULES Bordet is as little and as Latin as Fritz Schaudinn was German and gigantic. To the highbrow few of the top-cut of microbe hunters, his fame is prodigious. To the suffering millions he has given a chance to ward off the final stab of Schaudinn's pale spirochete — his name is unknown.

This isn't surprising, for about this small blue-eyed Belgian there is something too careful, too exact, too remotely scientific and coldly brainy to invite even the austerest scientific notoriety. Fundamentally, it was Bordet's blood test that made Schaudinn's sensational find of his spirochete *matter* — to those millions in whose bodies that pale horror of syphilis lies lurking —

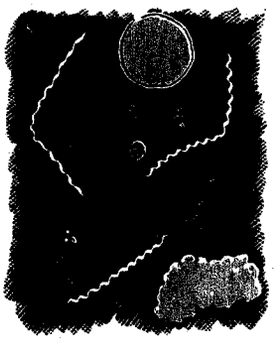
Before the hoorahs for Fritz Schaudinn's discovery had entirely died away, it was clear to the men against this loathsome death that the fight was a long way from over. The microbe the big German had found was only a pale one, yes, and weak, no doubt of it. At the first outbreak of the sickness it was marvelous how easy it was to spot the spiral demons drilling back and forward in a silvery shimmer against the black background of the dark-field microscope. At the outset —

But then this most dreadful of human sicknesses had the trick of fading away for a while into a treacherous sleeping. In a few months you'd no longer find its pale spiral microbe-teeming. After the general flaming of the first violent eruption had faded, Fritz Schaudinn — even with his hawk-eye of the master observer — could find never a spirochete. Yet his pal, Erich Hoffmann, or any expert watcher of this so human trouble, could tell Schaudinn that somewhere in many, in most of these stricken people his horror *must be* hiding, only waiting —

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Even in those who thought themselves healed of it —

John Stokes, who has a marvelous gift of words to describe it, tells how this sickness moves "like an ice-berg, nine-tenths below the surface." Of all microbes that torture humanity, this corkscrew pale demon of Schaudinn's was unique and totally outlandish. When it swarmed through the body of its victims in its first spectacular outbreak — it was least dangerous. Then when these tiny marauders were so depleted in numbers that even Schaudinn couldn't find them (years after their first swarming) — this rear guard of assassins could awake to a ferocity that was not only horrid but deadly. . . .



This, then, was what made something like the marvelous blood test invented by Jules Bordet absolutely necessary. Granted that Schaudinn did begin everything hopeful when he first found the pale horror, somebody had to find the trick of tracking down that horror in its so ominous hiding. And that was accomplished at last, thanks to the watery, blue-eyed dreamer, Bordet.

The story of Bordet's adventures in the fight against syphilis is romantic and not without irony, and not to be understood at all without knowing the excessively cautious, icily logical searcher that he is. Long before Schaudinn, this little Belgian actually had the pale spirochete trapped under his microscope. But Bordet was your type of intellectual Walloon, out-Frenching any Frenchman, with a more than French horror of being mistaken. So he was too cautious to denounce it as the villain. And while it was his science that made the hidden (and most dangerous) nine-tenths of the evil ill detectable, world-wide notoriety for the blood test went to Wassermann. Super-French, Bordet was too logical, with a French passion for what's called scientific *élégance*. So he made just one experiment too many, and muffed it.

Yet, without Bordet, Wassermann wouldn't even have dreamed of it.

II

THERE is something droll in the picture of Jules Bordet as a knight of death-fighting science, tilting against this most formidable of diseases, or against any human ill, for that matter. Son of a Belgian schoolmaster of Soignies, and poor, he came as a cigarette-smoking, insignificant youngster with curious wool-gathering disposition to the Pasteur Institute in Paris in the early nineties, with Pasteur incredibly famous and dying, with fights against a dozen deaths boiling — as they would seethe (spectacularly) in the tradition of Pasteur's grand manner. The young Walloon Bordet got the privilege of fumbling with pipettes and test-tubes in the very shadow of the beard of the Russian, Élie Metchnikoff. There was something so gala and absolutely terrific about the way this famous man tackled every death-fighting mystery, that Bordet for all of his clear head must have been awed and flabbergasted. In dangerous experiments more perilous because of their Oriental hecticity, Metchnikoff was right now explaining how it is our bodies can become immune to the deadly Asiatic cholera.

Metchnikoff was battling not only against the cholera murder, but against the German searcher, Pfeiffer, who'd have none of Metchnikoff's phagocyte theory. In some ways it was the worst of starts for a young searcher like Bordet. Because, when Metchnikoff couldn't answer Pfeiffer with brilliant experiments, he had a trick of demolishing him with unanswerable epigrams. It was certainly big-league science Bordet had got into.

But now, instead of yessing Metchnikoff's phagocyte science (it was expected of him!) — within a year he was off on a hunt that was absolutely his own. With little weirdly clear-headed experiments he was getting a peep at the way our bodies fight off murderous microbes — and it had little to do with Metchnikoff's benevolent army of white blood cells, the nice phagocytes.

It all began theoretically, it was very much "pure-science" (whatever that is), and Bordet never dreamed that the fight against the scourge of the still undiscovered pale horror *depended upon him, absolutely*.

Here sat Bordet, dabbling with serum bled a few weeks before from a remarkable goat, and with a tube of cholera microbes fit to do a husky man to death (with incredible suffering)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

inside twelve hours, while close by there chittered a not at all remarkable guinea pig idiotically unaware of its fate. The goat was remarkable because in its blood there was a weird power of preventing cholera infection. The guinea pig was negligible because like any normal rodent its blood had next to no cholera-killing power whatever.

Metchnikoff's enemy — Pfeiffer — had just been impressario of a drama that went on inside the belly of a cholera-immune guinea pig when you shot deadly cholera vibrios into him. A man-killing dose of those comma-shaped devils, when they got into this immune rodent, instead of assassinating him, stopped suddenly in their tracks, curled into no-account granular globules, and then exploded completely. You didn't have to vaccinate your guinea pig to pull off this show; all you had to do was to shoot into him, a little while beforehand, the serum of a cholera-vaccinated goat. What was dreadful about it (for Metchnikoff) was that the whole disaster to the cholera-microbes in this guinea-pig's belly happened without Metchnikoff's pet phagocytes being on hand to eat them —

Pfeiffer insisted that this cholera-killing test had to go on inside a guinea pig's belly. There was something mysterious inside there that the preventive goat serum needed in order to help it explode the vibrios. Right away Metchnikoff came back at him, bellowing orders to his assistants in strange French mixed with Russian that had a strong Kosher accent. He experimented — brilliantly. True — when you mix the cholera bugs with the preventive goat serum in a glass, nothing happens. But just let Mr. Pfeiffer try adding a few white blood cells — phagocytes! — to that mixture and he'd see the deadly cholera microbes blow up, pronto!

Here sat Bordet alone, he loved to work nights, and he had an entirely proper awe of his Russian-Jewish master. But wait. If the white blood cells would do it, why wouldn't just a guinea pig's blood, or even just his blood serum, do the trick as well? It was heresy. Bordet had this grandest of all human instincts (and rarest) — he knew only one way to answer any question: *by experiment.*

Accurately now he mixed just so many drops of grayish fluid teeming with fatal cholera comma-microbes, plus exactly so much of that preventive goat serum. Then every so many minutes he peered at samples of that mixture through his microscope. Nothing doing: the vibrios went on swarming in their deadly dance. . . .

Pfeiffer was right. Now, wait. Now to the mixture Bordet adds a few drops of the serum of the blood of that negligible guinea pig — a normal rodent with no cholera-preventing power in its blood at all.

What now happened was utterly unheard of, and fundamental. Alone, the cholera-preventive serum of that immune goat could do nothing. Now, just a touch of the blood serum of that normal guinea pig added to it — and this mixture blew those deadly cholera vibrios to smithereens.

III

BORDET was alone there in his laboratory immensely untidy with its litter of bits of paper scrawled with his heiroglyphic plans for experiment, experiment, always experiment, mixed with half-smoked cigarette butts and abandoned test tubes and the hairs of guinea pigs gone West in the cause of science. He was alone there, a little Bolshevik against the phagocyte science of his immensely famous master. His absent-minded head was as clear as his laboratory bench was messy. . . . Why wouldn't the cholera-preventing goat serum that was so powerfully bug-killing in a guinea pig's belly work when mixed with cholera microbes on a bit of glass? . . . Why did the serum of a normal guinea pig (in itself harmless for cholera microbes) awaken that goat serum to bug-killing power?

Bordet's head — natural as a fish swimming in water — seemed to ask only those questions that experiment could answer. . . . Wait. He had it. The cholera-preventing goat serum they used in their experiments was almost always old, had been drawn from their immune goat weeks beforehand. Or, if not old, then it had at least been heated, to 60 degrees Centigrade, to keep out contaminating chance bugs.

And the normal guinea pig serum he'd used had been fresh, always, warm from the unhappy beast he'd just killed to get it. Why, of course —

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It was a blur for him going from that quick hunch to the cholera-immune goat in its stable. A quick jab into its jugular vein with new fresh blood welling up into the big syringe. The hum of the centrifuge machine separating nice straw-colored serum. Quick mixing together of the savage cholera vibrios and this *fresh* goat serum —

Of course! Got fresh from the goat, the preventive serum blew the cholera vibrios to the devil — without his having to add any guinea pig serum at all.

And yes! Just heat your fresh guinea pig serum to 60 degrees Centigrade — and it loses all its mysterious power to stir the preventive goat serum to bug-killing action.

Here was the first blood test in human history, for the spotting of a dangerous microbe. Here was something practical, life-saving. For there were many comma-shaped vibrios so exactly like the deadly cholera microbe — so far as mere looks went — that it was impossible to tell a harmless germ from a savage, microscopically. And here was a test to douse the first smouldering of one of your dreadful cholera epidemics! For it was only the true cholera vibrio that would blow up when you mixed it with cholera-preventing goat serum and the fresh serum of a guinea pig. It was revolutionary —

IV

BORDET just mentioned in his scientific report that it was practical, but did absolutely nothing more about the death-fighting angle of it. What he was vastly more excited about was something not practical but highly philosophical. What he kept wool-gathering about was this: That the bug-killing wallop of a preventive serum may be restored by mixing it with any fresh normal serum which itself has almost no bug-killing power. Wasn't it wonderful that two serums, neither of them dangerous to deadly microbes, should make a mixture that was nasty against such a deadly germ as this cholera assassin? . . .

"Our science," said Bordet years later when he was summing up what microbe-hunting had done for humanity, "is the most stirring of sports!"

When you looked into his laboratory, regarding its appalling messiness, you'd wonder at the sureness of Bordet's facts. (But the insides of his tubes and pipettes weren't messy.) When you looked into his dreamy blue eyes you might wonder how he noticed anything —

But there was nothing that got by him, and now, wasn't this funny? That old preventive goat serum — when you mixed it with cholera bugs — couldn't kill them, no. . . . But watch it now. It did do something marvelous. It made those swarming devils stop right in their tracks as if they'd been shot. Then they began gathering into little clumps that flowed together into larger and larger masses till you could see these agglutinations, each one made up of hundreds of thousands of microbes — with your naked eye, finally. The clumps looked like flakes of snow as they settled out of the salt solution to the bottom of the test tube. Serum from a goat immune to cholera clumped only cholera microbes — no others. It was *specific*. It was a still simpler way to tell a dangerous bug from one that might be harmless — not by groping and dabbling inside a living animal but in a little glass tube, in a jiffy.

It is now used more than any test in microbe-hunting — to tell this bug from that one.

But it wasn't only microbes that clumped up in goat serum. Here was something really peculiar. Here was an old discarded tube from a by-gone experiment — it chanced to have serum from a goat immune to cholera mixed with the serum of a guinea-pig immune to nothing —

By accident a few guinea pig red blood corpuscles had got mixed with the guinea pig serum — Bordet had been a bit careless drawing that serum off the clot. Now look — here were clumps, not of microbes, but of guinea pig red blood corpuscles —

Nothing was too trivial to set this strange man off onto new experiments. Did goat serum always clump guinea pig blood? Experiment. Yes. It seemed silly to desert his tests with the deadly cholera. It seemed foolish to probe into this clumping of the blood of one animal by the serum of another. But what *matter?*

For Bordet anything inexplicable mattered. He peered, he argued at himself, he conjec-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tured, he ended — always! — by testing. Take your cholera microbe. Any horse serum, even from horses not vaccinated, would clump your cholera microbes a little. But vaccinate a horse with cholera and the cholera-bug-clumping power of that serum shot up enormously. Take your rabbit blood. Any guinea pig serum would clump rabbit blood a little. . . .

But what would happen if you *vaccinated* a guinea pig with the blood of a rabbit?

Could any question (seeing Bordet was a death-fighter in the Pasteur Institute with its tradition of life-saving and with millions dying from every imaginable ailment) — can you imagine any experiment to have been idler, more devoid of importance, more really nonsensical?

But Bordet when his curiosity was roused had no altruism, nor was he — theological. Any ordinary searcher would have argued that you'd expect the serum of a man or an animal to stop savage microbes in their tracks, to ball them up into clumps. That might be God's way of helping His creatures combat microscopic marauders. But what reason or purpose could there be (divine or diabolical) for the serum of a guinea pig to clump the blood of a rabbit?

Bordet never asked what would be the good of it. He only asked himself — would it?

It was lucky for the millions whose bodies hide the pale spirochetes lurking for that last fatal stab, that Bordet wasn't theological. Here's the fool test all rigged up to answer the silly question. Here's a row of small glass tubes. Each has in it a little opaque, brick-red colored suspension of the washed red blood corpuscles of a rabbit. Each has a bit of serum — less and less down the row of tubes — of the serum of a guinea pig he has vaccinated against a rabbit's blood.

V

THE SERUM ought to clump the corpuscles of the rabbit's blood. Bordet busies himself at lab chores that are like the duties of a kitchen-mechanic or a housewife. Now and again he wipes his hands on his dirty lab coat and bends over peering at what goes on in the tubes in the rack. Yes, the clumping's begun. He goes back to his lab chores. He turns back to the tubes again. He picks one up, shakes it —

What's this? What the devil? Look at it. Look at all the rest of them — down to the one holding the least bit of guinea pig serum. The opaque brick red color of the fluid in the tubes has faded. It has dissolved into a perfectly clear, transparent red — like raspberry syrup or grenadine!

Now — quick — a bit of it under the microscope. The red blood corpuscles have gone. He sees only ghosts of them, just shadows. . . .

The fresh serum of a guinea pig vaccinated against rabbit blood blows rabbit blood corpuscles completely to blazes. . . . Exactly as the fresh serum of an immune goat blows to smithereens the deadly vibrios of Asiatic cholera.

The same simple laws hold for the two of them. To prove that, Bordet sinks himself into a maze of precise experiments whose absolute newness make him never mind their entire uselessness. Sure: when your immune guinea pig serum ages, it won't blow up the rabbit red blood cells. When you heat it to 60 degrees Centigrade, it loses its blood-dissolving power. But just add a little fresh, not-heated, normal guinea-pig serum and the heated immune serum blows up rabbit blood cells as well as or better than ever. It's a perfect resemblance —

The bug-killing wallop you remove from a fresh immune serum by heat, you put back by adding a little normal serum which itself has no bug-killing power. The blood-dissolving action that vanishes when you heat the serum of a blood-vaccinated guinea pig, comes back by adding a little fresh normal serum — which in itself has no blood-dissolving wallop.

It all sounds so easy and simple and it had taken five years of incessant experiment to find it. The net of all this labor, of those rabbits done to death, those guinea pigs bled white, those goats gone West — was something drolly philosophical. No more. . . . Any fresh, normal, non-immune serum of any man or animal has an "X." It's a mysterious something that will explode your dangerous cholera microbe or blow up your harmless blood corpuscles of another animal species. But this "X" can't do these things; it is absolutely powerless until you *sensitize* your microbe or your blood cor-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

puscle — with the serum of an animal that's been vaccinated with that specific microbe or red blood cell.

Here was what was philosophical, funny, against theology and sentimental notions about God's goodness. This "X," this marvelous bug-killing power of blood serum, would have existed in animals if there'd never been deadly microbes at all! Bordet laughed. What proved that was the way any fresh, normal serum could blow the perfectly harmless blood corpuscles of another animal species to smithereens — once they'd been sensitized.

VI

But was this mysterious cholera-smashing and blood dissolving "X" —was it really one and the same?

"It is open to experimental demonstration," said Bordet, and anything that wasn't, you'd never catch him touching with a ten foot pole. The little experiment by which he answered it led directly to the marvelous blood test that smoked the sinister spirochete, the pale horror of Fritz Schaudinn, out of its hiding. The experiment which he used was this.

If this powerful "X" was just one thing, then, when fresh guinea pig serum got through blowing up cholera microbes you'd sensitized by cholera-immune serum, there'd be none of it left to blow up sensitized rabbit red blood corpuscles, when you added them to the mixture —

Bordet tried it. Hoorah! — there *was* nothing left. When fresh guinea-pig serum had got through exploding sensitized cholera microbes, it had no wallop left in it when you added rabbit red blood corpuscles that had been sensitized with the guinea pig immune serum. It was a really lovely lab test. It was so easy to read it. The suspension of those sensitized rabbit blood corpuscles stayed brick red and opaque.

Your true searcher is always hot to discover that what he's found for one bug will hold for all of them. What tickles him most vastly is not some cure or preventive of death, but establishing what's called a generalization. Now Bordet is on the trail of it. He's big enough stuff now at the Pasteur Institute to have an assistant. Now he has the extremely serious capable Belgian, Octave Gengou, to help him. Right off the bat they run into a snag. Take the typhoid bacillus, or the dreadful microbe of the bubonic plague. Alas — when you mix them with the fresh preventive serum of a beast vaccinated against them, they refuse to blow up. But wait —

Just sensitize them with their own, specific immune serum that you've got from a beast vaccinated against them — and they'll still pull that bug-killing "X" out of the fresh serum of a guinea pig. In a flash Bordet saw it. Here was a beautiful way to demonstrate it —

All you had to do was to add some sensitized rabbit red blood corpuscles to your mixture. If they didn't dissolve, if they stayed opaque, brick red —

It proved your microbe had been sensitized, and had sucked the bug-killing "X" from the fresh guinea pig serum.

This set-up gave you a delicate, subtle way to find out whether this or that animal was immune to such and such evil microbe. It might tell you whether this or that microbe was still lurking in a man's body. Hammer and tongs Bordet now went at it. Why he picked out such a deadly microbe as the black plague bacillus I can't imagine. But now he let the fresh serum of a normal guinea pig work on a few billion of these plague-assassins that he'd sensitized with the serum of an animal vaccinated against them —

It worked. When he added the sensitized rabbit red blood corpuscles, they didn't dissolve into the lovely clear grenadine color but stayed brick-red, opaque.

Now the check test. He let the fresh serum of that normal guinea pig work on another few billion of plague assassins, *not sensitized*, but mixed with the serum made from the blood of a beast not vaccinated.

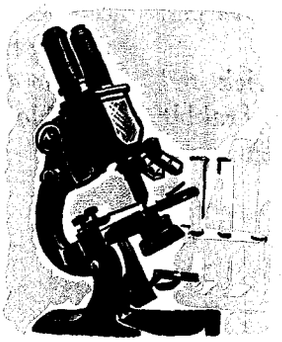
Of course. Now, when he added the sensitized rabbit red blood corpuscles, like a shot they blew up, turning from their opaque brick red to the clear grenadine color. The not-sensitized plague bugs couldn't take the "X" from the fresh guinea pig serum. It was a lovely test. It was tremendously delicate, and you had to use just the right number of drops of everything.

Here was a great chance for searchers every-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

where to spot whether this or that deadly microbe had been gnawing at a man, or might be still lurking in him. Such people's blood-serum should *sensitize* the species of microbe you suspected was biting them —

Bordet had a loathing for everything merely practical. He tried it out on just two people who were convalescent from typhoid fever. He found it worked. Then he dropped the whole business to delve into new mysteries of how we're immune to pestilences. His marvelous little experiments had switched the attention of very nearly the whole microbe-hunting world off Metchnikoff's pet phagocytes. Now it was little Bordet and not the sensational Russian who was scientifically battling with those detestable Germans about the how and why of what makes us fight off deadly diseases. . . .



It is not surprising to find him no longer in Paris, but head of a little Pasteur Institute of his own now in the Steam-Wagon Street in Brussels in his home country of Belgium. It was here he first ran across the ugly trail of the pale horror of syphilis. There's no doubt he had taken the play away from Metchnikoff, but now he showed in what awe he still held that old microbe-hunting master —

Schaudinn was still muddling with malaria and trypanosomes and spirochetes down in Rovigno with never a thought of the disease of the (till recently) unmentionable name. Now one day Bordet sat hunched over his microscope in his own new Pasteur Institute. He was peering at the oozing from a sinister sore on a man suspected of coming down with the dreadful sickness. He'd streaked that stuff on a thin bit of glass and stained it with a dye called carbol-methylene blue —

Now, out of the vague grayness of his microscope field there dissolved into the focus, very faintly colored, the tight corkscrew spirals of a spirochete, new, unknown, peculiar. The eye of no searcher (in human record) had ever seen it. Bordet was vastly excited about it. But wait. This was a momentous business. This wasn't quite up his alley. So he packed up that bit of glass carefully, and sent it to Paris to Metchnikoff, to his master. Wasn't this strange new pale microbe mighty worth while getting on the trail of?

"Metchnikoff couldn't see very well through a microscope," said Bordet, smiling, long after. "He said it was nothing, so I dropped it —"

VII

THEN, right after, Fritz Schaudinn did spot the pale horror and convinced the whole scientific world of it, even Metchnikoff included, in a jiffy. Again Bordet had the best of chances to tie his name (notoriously and immortally) to the loathsome sickness. You remember how, before men against this death had got through hoorahing for Schaudinn, they realized that the fight was really only started. You remember how it was plain you could only spot the pale corkscrew of the deadly spirochete in the first spectacular part of its horrid activity, how it then faded, buried itself, went away into its dangerous hiding —

But here was the greatest of all chances for Bordet's delicate blood test to prove its death-fighting value —

Here you had a sickness with its microbe buried away — itself undetectable — in your sufferer's body. But if that microbe was there, its victim's blood serum should show it. Its victim's blood serum should *sensitize* —

Hammer and tongs again, Bordet went at it. There was this against it, that you couldn't get pure cultures in test-tubes of Schaudinn's pale spirochete. But look, you could get human tissues in which it was swarming —

So here's the little immunity master bending over his set-up of little test-tubes. Here's the ground-up first sore of syphilis, swarming with spirochetes, and a bit of the serum of a patient known to have the sickness —

Into this mixture he drips just so many drops of the fresh serum of a normal guinea pig —

It's in the bag, this experiment! According to the laws he'd himself discovered, the serum of this patient should *sensitize* those spirochetes. And, thus sensitized, they should take the blood-dissolving "X" out of the fresh guinea pig serum —

Here sits Bordet, sure of himself, waiting while this mysterious chemistry takes place, invisibly. Now for the finish — now to prove

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that the spirochetes have been sensitized —

Into the mixture he drips just so many drops of the brick-red, opaque suspension of the sensitized red blood corpuscles of a rabbit. Then he waits —

Absolutely. He's got it. The tube stays brick red, opaque, the red blood corpuscles not dissolving. The serum of the diseased man has sensitized Schaudinn's spirochetes. But wait —

Here's another tube, again with that bit of ground-up first sore of the sickness, swarming with spirochetes. But this time the serum of a happy person *who's never had syphilis* —

This serum *shouldn't* sensitize the spirochetes, and now he adds just so many drops of the fresh serum of the normal guinea pig, and waits again —

Now to this tube he adds the brick red colored opaque fluid of the suspension of rabbit red blood corpuscles that have been sensitized, and he doesn't have to wait long —

Presto. In a few minutes that dull brick-red grows brighter. The opacity begins clearing. He has it. Look — the tube's clear now, and lovely with its transparent color of grenadine. The spirochetes — *not sensitized* — couldn't take out the blood dissolving "X" from the normal guinea-pig serum —

Here's the most marvelous of chances to spot the pale horror's lurking. You rig up the test just as Bordet has done it. Then side by side you rig up another, with the question-mark serum of your anxious patient suspected of having the dreadful sickness —

At this moment Jules Bordet teetered on the edge of fame, not only among the highbrow searchers to whom he was already famous, but among the rank and file of doctors all over, and among the millions to whom the yes or no of the blood test means happiness, or worry,

(*Continued on page 192*)

The Impotence of Congress

by FABIAN FRANKLIN

On May 31, when President Hoover made his address to the Senate urging action on the fiscal needs of the country, Congress had been in session almost exactly six months. During the whole of that long period the country had been looking on, with something like anguish, at the spectacle of the inability of the national legislature, in a time of desperate need, to take any action — good, bad, or indifferent — for dealing with the crucial problem of national finance.

This feeling had been expressed in a thousand quarters, in the language of indignation, or condemnation, or contempt. It was expressed in the language of courtesy and considerateness, and yet of intense emphasis, by President Hoover in his address to the Senate. "There can be no doubt," he said, "that, superimposed upon other causes, the long-continued delays in the passage of legislation" providing for the necessary reduction of Federal expenditure "have given rise to doubt and anxiety as to the ability of our government to meet its responsibilities." And, while expressing full

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

confidence that this doubt and anxiety would be removed, he brought his poignant appeal for action to a climax at the close of his address, when he said: "In your hands at this moment is the answer to the question whether democracy has the capacity to act speedily enough to save itself in an emergency."

On the same day on which the President's appeal to the Senate appeared on its front page, the New York *Herald Tribune* presented on its editorial page the following brief editorial:

137 Days of Congress

The present Congress has been in session 137 days since it assembled last December.

It still has to perform the one absolutely essential duty that confronted it at its opening — to balance the budget.

Congress could have passed the necessary legislation in two weeks if it wanted to.

Yet now, on the 138th day of its session, it is still wallowing in oratory and vote chasing.

In the first days of June there came a spasm of intense activity on the part of both houses of Congress, which resulted, within a few more days, in the passage of a tax bill for the lack of which the country — and with it the whole world — had suffered untold loss and misery. The pressure of an almost unparalleled exigency had brought about at last that action upon the tax problem which the country had for many months vainly hoped would, in spite of all partisan and personal differences, be brought about by the wisdom and patriotism of the Senate and the House of Representatives.

Of all the broad questions concerning our political system, none perhaps is more important than the question of the true nature, the essential cause, of this impotence that we have been witnessing. Has it been due to the low quality of our Senators and Representatives? Have they been peculiarly lacking in character or intelligence? Have they been more addicted to stubborn partisanship than is customary in parliamentary bodies generally? Has there been any abnormal exhibition of personal perversity?

Every one of these questions may confidently be answered in the negative. Compared with a body of ideal statesmen, the membership of our Congress of course leaves much to be desired; but to say this is only to say that we must not expect the impossible. Every American Congress, from the First Continental Congress to the one that has been in session this year, has been filled in large part by members falling far short of the ideal; and the same is true of every parliamentary body in any European country. This consideration does not, of course, absolve any individual member from blame for his own incapacity, perversity, or self-seeking. Especially does it not absolve those men who, having attained prominence which might have made them effective leaders, failed to make such use of their potential influence as might have brought about a solution of the difficulty many weeks ago. But the root of the trouble lies deeper — so deep, unfortunately, that it is difficult to suggest any cure for it within the limits of our Constitution.

The Cause of Impotence

Nevertheless it is worth while to consider, with a view to possible if not probable amelioration, the primary cause of this appalling legislative paralysis. As to what that primary cause is, there is little room for doubt. Instead of stating it in abstract terms, however, I will venture to hark back to the story of an experience 240 years in the past and yet singularly pertinent to our situation to-day.

That story has been told by a historian who, in the art of weaving his moral in with his story — of insistently stressing the argument without impairing the interest of the narrative — has never had a superior or an equal.

Macaulay, in his *History of England*, carries his admiration of William of Orange to a point little short of idolatry; yet he does not flinch from acknowledging his limitations. The European situation with which William had to deal, about three years after the revolution which placed him on the throne of England, was one in which the impossibility of counting on the co-operation of Parliament was constantly bringing all his plans to the verge of ruin. "The fate of the whole civilized world," says Macaulay, "depended on the votes of the representatives of the English people; and there was no public man who could venture to say with confidence what those representatives might not be induced to do within twenty-four hours." In his letters to his friend Heinsius, William was perpetually complaining of the endless talking, squabbling, dilatoriness of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

House of Commons. "His complaints," says Macaulay, "were by no means unfounded; but he had not discovered either the cause or the cure of the evil." That cause lay in the fact that while, as a result of the Revolution, the House of Commons had acquired the power to control all the departments of the executive administration, there had not yet been developed any effective method of directing or wielding that power; for the idea of a responsible ministry had not yet been evolved.

"Without a ministry," says Macaulay, "the working of a parliamentary government such as ours must always be unsteady and unsafe. . . . It has been truly said that every large collection of human beings, however well educated, has a strong tendency to become a mob; and a country of which the Supreme Executive Council is a mob is surely in a perilous situation."

Our Legislative Mob

Of the "tendency of every large collection of human beings to become a mob," the House of Representatives, a few weeks before that final spasm of action in June, furnished as striking an example as could be desired. The plan of taxation which the Ways and Means Committee had constructed with enormous pains, and which was presented to the House by its able acting Chairman, Mr. Crisp, was torn to pieces in a moment. The work of weeks was destroyed in an instant by a rush as wild as that of a mad bull. Nor did this catastrophe result in any transfer of power or guidance from one set of men to another. The Committee had to adjust itself as best it could to the new situation, and the House of Representatives had to resume, in a chaotic way, the task which, in a chaotic way, it had been confronting throughout the session. The country's discouragement over the inactivity of Congress, greatly accentuated as it was by this incident, bore a large part in the disastrous decline of the stock market which, in the month of May, sank the nation into a new depth of depression; and it was only when this state of things had culminated in a situation of desperate gravity that Congress — whether owing to the President's anguished appeal or not — finally pulled itself together and met the imperious need of the crisis.

In England since the close of the seventeenth century, and in the other countries whose parliamentary system has been built upon the English model, this sort of governmental chaos, governmental impotency, has been unknown. That this is due to the establishment of the system under which parliamentary government is conducted by responsible ministries, we all know; yet it may be worth while to quote the words in which Macaulay characterized this signal improvement:

> Happily a way has been found out in which the House of Commons can exercise a paramount influence over the executive government without assuming functions such as can never be well discharged by a body so numerous and so variously composed. An institution which did not exist in the time of the Plantagenets, of the Tudors, or of the Stuarts . . . began to exist a few years after the Revolution, grew rapidly into importance, became firmly established, and is now almost as essential a part of our polity as the Parliament itself. This institution is the Ministry.
>
> The Ministry is, in fact, a committee of leading members of the two Houses. . . . While the Ministers retain the confidence of the parliamentary majority, that majority supports them against opposition, and rejects every motion which reflects on them or is likely to embarrass them. If they forfeit that confidence, . . . the remedy is simple. . . . They [the Commons] have only to declare that they have ceased to trust the Ministry, and to ask for a Ministry which they can trust.
>
> It is by means of Ministries thus constituted, and thus changed, that the English government has long been conducted in general conformity with the deliberate sense of the House of Commons, and yet has been wonderfully free from the vices which are characteristic of large, tumultuous, and divided assemblies.

It is fitting that we should visit upon those individual members of either house of Congress who have fallen short of their duty the condemnation which they have merited either through want of intelligence or through want of civic nature. But we should make a great mistake if we yielded to the temptation of imputing to the members of Congress generally a character of unworthiness, either in point of character or of ability. For the truth is that the deplorable spectacle we have been witnessing is primarily to be ascribed not to the faults of individuals but to a fundamental weakness in our governmental system; that, in the absence of anything resembling a responsible ministry, Congress has been exhibiting not vices peculiar to this or that individual, or to this or that party, but "the vices which are characteristic of governments administered by large, tumultuous, and divided assemblies."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Whether this state of things can be remedied, and if so how, is a question with which I cannot attempt to grapple, except in a most tentative and diffident way.

The mere fact, indeed, that any vital change would require an amendment of the Constitution of the United States would not be, of itself, a fatal obstacle. Time was when the difficulty of amending the Constitution in any important respect — except as the outcome of such a gigantic upheaval as the Civil War, which brought about the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments — was habitually regarded by political theorists as tantamount to impossibility. That state of mind is now, however, obsolete. The Sixteenth, Seventeenth, and Eighteenth Amendments were proposed by Congress, and ratified by the states, with less difficulty than that which frequently attends the passage of an ordinary act of Congress. In the case of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth, the Amendments were in response to a national need, or demand, which reflected a normal and permanent change of public sentiment in relation to subjects with which the organic law of a great nation is legitimately concerned; in the case of the Eighteenth, there was grafted upon the Federal Constitution a police regulation which is as much out of place in such an instrument as would be a regulation prescribing the speed limit of automobiles or the length of women's skirts. But in all these cases the process of amendment was smooth and rapid, and attended with no peculiar difficulty. In view of the Eighteenth Amendment, the facility with which, as has now been demonstrated, the Federal Constitution can, under favoring conditions, be amended is not altogether a subject for congratulation; but at all events it disposes, once for all, of the thesis that the Constitution is virtually incapable of substantial alteration.

But the introduction of the British parliamentary system — the institution of government by a Ministry responsible to Congress — would require a constitutional amendment of a wholly different character from any of those that have been adopted, or even proposed, since the Constitution was first framed a century and a half ago. It would require a complete transformation of the whole fabric of our government. Such a transformation is utterly and absolutely out of the question. Nor is it by any means clear that it would be desirable, or that the British system would ever have been desirable in our country. We have suffered much from the rigid division of powers between the executive and the legislative departments of our government; but we have also profited much by it. He would be a bold man who should venture to assert that our Federal Republic — with the manifold varieties of population and sentiment in its constituent states, with no great body of deep-seated tradition to hold it steady, with the conflicting interests of its several sections, with the incessant changes brought about by our development from a comparatively primitive agricultural and pioneering people to a gigantic nation, largely industrial, the center of almost fabulous wealth, a leading factor in the affairs of the whole world — that this stupendous organism could have been held together half so well, or could have achieved half so great a success, without the strength and rigidity which it derives from the vast independent power and fixed tenure of the Chief Executive. Whether from the standpoint of practical possibility or from that of theoretical desirability, therefore, it is idle to talk of that transformation of our basic institutions which the introduction of government by a responsible Ministry, like England's, would require.

Amendment by Common Consent

It is possible, however, to hope that, without any amendment of the Constitution, a method may be found which, while leaving the structure of our institutions undisturbed, will confer upon our country in considerable measure the benefits that attach to the operation of a responsible Ministry. Those benefits, while always considerable, are never so essential as at a time of crucial difficulty such as that through which we have just been passing. And it is peculiarly interesting to reflect that in England the institution of the Ministry, while it took shape gradually and almost imperceptibly, became a definite part of the English polity at a time of acute crisis. The situation of which Macaulay was speaking in the passages quoted above was that which confronted William in the years immediately following the Revolution of 1688; the steps then taken toward the establishment of a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ministry were but a foreshadowing of what came into existence several years later, and has ever since been an integral and unchallenged part of the British system of government. Let me quote what Macaulay says of this later, and final, development:

> The first English Ministry was gradually formed; nor is it possible to say quite precisely when it began to exist. But, on the whole, the date from which the era of ministries may most properly be reckoned is the day of the meeting of the Parliament after the general election of 1695. That election had taken place when peril and distress had called forth all the best qualities of the nation. . . . The majority, therefore, readily arranged itself in admirable order under the Ministers, and during three sessions gave them on almost every occasion a cordial support. The consequence was that the country was rescued from its dangerous position, and, when that Parliament had lived out its three years, enjoyed prosperity after a terrible financial crisis, peace after a long and sanguinary war, and liberty united with order after civil troubles which had lasted during two generations, and in which sometimes order and sometimes liberty had been in danger of perishing.

Now to return for a moment to Mr. Hoover's appeal to the Senate. "In your hands at this moment," he said, "is the answer to the question whether democracy has the capacity to act speedily enough to save itself in any emergency." But that answer cannot be given by mere performance, at the eleventh hour, in a single instance, of the action that has at last been recognized as imperatively necessary for the rescue of the country from its immediate peril. Greatly as the nation has been relieved by this action, thinking men should bestir themselves to consider whether there may not be devised some machinery, more or less resembling in character the machinery of a responsible Ministry, which shall save the country from experiences like those that the present Congress has inflicted upon it. And, while I shall not presume to suggest the exact form of that machinery, I shall venture to express some thoughts pointing perhaps in the right direction.

The ministerial system in England was created not by any act of Parliament, but simply by the establishment of a practice which grew out of a recognized political need and which has, by common consent, been maintained with a firmness that no statute could have conferred, and which the vicissitudes of nearly two and a half centuries have not disturbed. It happens that we have, in our own country, an instance — in a simpler matter, to be sure, yet in a matter of vital importance — of an equally firm establishment of a political practice simply by common consent. Under the Constitution of the United States, the electors chosen by the people at our presidential elections are free to cast their votes for any person they choose to select for President or Vice President; yet as a matter of fact that freedom is as non-existent as if the electors were cast-iron automata. It is no more conceivable that an elector chosen on the Republican ticket next November will vote for the Democratic candidate than that he will march up to the White House and take possession of it for himself. There is no part of the Constitution which has been more secure from violation than has this simple obligation established by the undisputed and unchallenged practice of the American people.

Now I venture to suggest that it ought not to be beyond the power of the political genius of the American people to devise some form in which not indeed the whole, but a considerable and vital part, of our Congressional procedure shall be guided by the deliberate judgment of some small committee, chosen in such a way as to represent — as nearly as our bicameral system permits — the desire of Congress for a coherent and responsible treatment of the urgent questions, especially the fiscal questions, of government. This committee would keep in touch with the President and his cabinet, and would feel bound to propose to Congress such measures as would, in their judgment, meet the requirements of the situation and could be expected to command the assent of the President. If their proposals were, in any essential respect, rejected by Congress, the committee would resign and a new committee would have to be chosen. Just how all this should be done, just how much it might accomplish, just how much it should attempt — all this, if there be any merit in the suggestion, would demand the consideration of political thinkers infinitely better qualified than I am to determine such matters. But I do not feel that my venturing to make the suggestion, imperfect as it is, requires any apology. For the need is urgent, and the suggestion is one which may, indeed, be futile, but which at all events is consonant with the history of our institutions and of the nation from which ours have been derived.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hangover—1932

by **JOHN V. A. WEAVER**

I

"WE REFUSE any longer to accept ideas at second-hand. . . . We are determined not to let our world be wrecked again by smug, ferocious, or bungling elders. . . . We intend to find out everything for ourselves, and to build a lasting structure upon the foundations of fearless Truth and untiring Effort. . . ."

The above high-sounding phrases appeared in a magazine early in 1922. I wrote them. Now, ten years later, I sit and stare with impotent anxiety at the spectacle of my country plunging daily deeper into destitution and despair. I dole out what is left of my dollars to cadge the necessities of life. Leaden-hearted, addle-brained, and slightly pot-bellied, I ponder my hot pronunciamentos of a decade ago, and I am not amused.

My first impulse ought, I suppose, to be toward weary guffaws; I might easily chuckle wryly at those hifalutin spoutings, and sneer them away as callow bravado. But through my aching head echoes a nasty little voice which insists that they could have amounted to something more important than empty declamation; and that the tragedy of my country, my generation, and myself lies in having abandoned any real attempt at just such a program. If we could have pursued it steadfastly, if we could have acted with some sort of idealism, however jejune, is it not possible that we would not now be clutching anguished brows, on the ghastly morning-after of a world debauch — wringing our hands and feebly wondering what the end will be, and how soon it will arrive?

Although, as someone's penetrating sour quip has expressed it, we learn from history that we learn nothing from history, perhaps a cursory review of one individual's experience might shed some ray upon the general causes of failure, and, now that the party is over and the reckoning is due, give a warning if not an aid.

I propose, therefore, to make a brief confessional, a sort of autobiographical tract for the times. I will not go so far as to set myself up for a typical American. Let me rather make the claim that I am a typical American exaggerated — caricatured, if you like — and that my chronicles present a running series, cartooning this century in These States.

A representative product of the melting pot I seem, beyond argument, to be. My forebears, on both sides, have inhabited North America since early in the sixteen hundreds. Non-conformists, in every branch. English middle class, from Rhode Island; Dutch farmers of the Mohawk valley; Scottish-Irish, Huguenots, and Mecklenburg Germans — Protestant strains, protestors. Squawkers all. Not so long since, the breed seems to have translated protest into action. Alas, while the urge to revolt still stirs, it expresses itself only in futile yelps and snarls.

Boyhood in raucous, vivid Chicago. Education in a small Eastern college, followed by several muddled years in mid-western businesses, supremely unsuccessful. I had no plan, and while I was striving to claw out a living as a lesser industrial helper, I kept dreaming about writing. So I clodhopped along, discontented but supine. Then America entered the war.

Believe it or not, I swallowed all the propaganda whole. I snapped at the Crusader bait. I visualized myself as a clear-eyed Knight of Freedom, riding to avenge poor little Belgium, and to rescue that Delightful France, that Jolly Old England, and my native Democracy from the threatened Iron Cross of Hun Domination. My world, I felt, must continue a place where individuality could find expression, where a human being would never be a cog in a militaristic machine, beaten into conformity, hedged about by restrictions, and hag-ridden by "*Verboten!*" — but free!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Yes, stuffed with these praiseworthy sentiments, two weeks after Wilson's first call, I leaped to the colors. And what a lovely spot for the expression of individuality I picked!

II

THERE is little need of describing my military career in detail. I was a rotten soldier. The entire system of rule by arbitrary command was beyond my comprehension. I didn't like taking orders without explanations, nor did I enjoy giving them. It seems preposterous, but such was my naïveté that it was only after a month or more of training that I suddenly realized what war meant — the actual taking of life, the crunch of a bayonet into living flesh, the splashing of brains against mud walls, the instant atomization of flesh by shell-burst.

The panic into which this realization plunged me was truly not so much a fear of my own obliteration as a horror of wiping out the existence of a fellow-being. I knew I would be worse than useless, either as a weapon bearer or as a leader. I knew it would be no use for me even to try. I approached nervous breakdown, considered suicide. Then, in desperation, I put my case before my commander.

To my grateful surprise, he disgustedly agreed with me. But he suggested that my experience among wholesale groceries might prove of some value in the Service of Supply. Accordingly I was transferred to the Ordnance Department, and for the next two years I mucked about in Southern camps, successively as a clerk, a warehouseman, a driller of noncombatant troops, and an examiner of skilled personnel.

I acquired considerable knowledge of bureaucratic machinery, and a malign cynicism. Employing these, I emerged, at the Armistice, with the tawdry bars, the bogus authority, and the snide privileges of a shave-tail. The army had dried the idealism from behind my ears. It turned me into an incipient chiseler and petty politician. The term my heart called me was "gold-bricker." I can see now that the gold-bricker was the forerunner of the minor racketeer.

I was far from proud of the backstairs prowess I had acquired. In fact, I felt acutely ashamed and somewhat soiled. When I returned to peace-time surroundings, I thought over my spiritual degeneration at considerable length, and made up my mind to play the game thenceforth in the open — to progress, if any, upon merit alone, and to recapture my fine white integrity. Once more I would do what I could to Make the World a Better Place.

I found that many of my colleagues shared my anger and disillusionment, and my hope of improving matters. Strangely enough, we were not greatly upset by prohibition, which had been foisted upon us while we were politically null and void. It seemed annoying, but not gravely important. What did disturb us deeply was a growing suspicion that everybody, in every land concerned, had lost the war; that we, among millions, had been kidded along, mesmerized, and cajoled by older individuals, who had used flowery slogans and windy promises to debauch us; that many a face would never laugh among us again because of money interest alone; and that while some of us survivors were fortunate enough not to have lost eyes or legs or pieces of our skulls, all of us had been damaged in spirit, had been boiled more or less hard, had been cheapened and tarnished not for any noble cause, but simply to protect a financial investment.

We were very angry about it. We did a lot of talking. It appears that the same sort of talk was going on, among our contemporaries, throughout America. We exhibited dissatisfaction and unrest. When our elders remonstrated and rebuked, we repulsed them with rude noises. When they offered advice, we told them what they could do with it. We began thumbing our noses at rules and regulations, conscientiously defiant. More from a sense of duty than from any real pleasure, we experimented with morals and customs. We behaved badly as a matter of principle. The movement was not in any sense organized. It just seemed to happen. After a while, they began referring to us as the Younger Generation — with the capitals which implied decided disapprobation.

III

MEANWHILE, I had definitely decided that, sink or swim, I must write. Publicity and advertising seemed to offer an outlet in that direction, with an accompaniment of adequate salary. I went into copywriting. And immediately the element of fake reared its ugly head. I wrote copy which apparently influenced

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

buyers toward the purchase of books, shoes, and other commodities about which I was informed. But I also wrote praises of stocks and bonds and boys' schools, about which I knew less than nothing, and the copy seemed just as persuasive. The notion grew upon me that the intrinsic value of the article was not quite so important as the salesmanship. I detected a cardinal tenet of American business methods in the idea that even an inferior article can be popularized, if it is presented attractively and forcefully enough. The main requisite seemed to be the discovery of an outstanding selling point, which was then plugged with insistence and charm.

It was not long before I applied this principle to a product of my own. It is fundamental that anyone who wishes to attempt artistic creation should believe he has something worth saying. Well, I was convinced that, possibly through sheer luck, ideas often came to me which had some indications of beauty, some elements of poetry. I felt strongly that these ideas should be expressed in verse. Through much study and practice, I had developed a measure of melodic knack, of technical facility in versification. But how to escape from the conventional methods whose results I read in most of the publications? How avoid the June-moon-true-blue battalions? How find a selling point?

The clue came unexpectedly. During my sojourn in khaki, I had spent much time in learning the highly flavored vernacular of my companions, most of whom were skilled workmen. I don't mean soldier slang. I mean the consistent misuse of English, common to the American proletariat from all sections of the country, which is as much a separate and distinct tongue as that of Wessex, or of Devonshire, or of the London Cockney. I had so perfected myself in this speech that lathe-hands, teamsters, gas fitters, or gunmen no longer looked askance when I opened my mouth. And now, H. L. Mencken had issued a thick tome, an erudite discussion of the "American Language," which had caused much comment. I embarked upon a controversy with him regarding the possibility of using the lingo for serious literary attempts. Why not, I thought, take these poetic ideas which occur to me, mentally identify myself with the man or woman in the street, and translate into their medium?

That is what I did. I tried to interpret the more spiritual, less material side of the millions in their own language. The resulting book of verse, *In American*, caught on at once. Was it racketeering of a gentle sort? I sincerely trust not. I cannot but confess the hope that, in the five volumes which I did in the "American" dialect, I may have contributed something permanent, however small, to the chronicles of an era. Be that as time may order, one purpose was accomplished. Favorable publicity had captured an audience. I could count on listeners, when I had something to say.

It was then that I became known as one of that Younger Generation. Now was my opportunity for another Crusade. I was full of fire and zeal. I emitted such manifestoes as I have quoted. So did a lot of my contemporaries. We kicked up considerable commotion. And, if we had gone on. . . .

Unfortunately, we didn't go on — not for very long. The whole movement became a gag. We were overpublicized, and too quickly. After a brief period of encouragement and praise, people commenced to find us a little silly. We allowed ourselves to be discountenanced by ridicule. Then everybody, ourselves included, became definitely bored. The hue and cry still went on, however, for many months after genuine vitality had departed. At last we reached the state where we felt the term "Younger Generation" almost as odious as "Bluenose." In the end, all "movement" petered out, and we went our separate ways, to be caught up by the prosperity wave and lifted, for a while, to astonishing heights of solvency.

Really, I fear, most of us sold out. The pieces of silver looked so pretty and so useful. Speaking for myself, at any rate, I must have concluded that idealism in the face of public laughter and boredom was a stupid gesture, wasted. Perhaps, too, the materialists might be right. Why not get on the band wagon — room enough for all! Cash in! I plead that the notion was not so blandly or so grossly expressed; the casuistry was more suave. Nevertheless, the temptation of the shekel was too strong. I made up my mind to tilt at no more windmills. I would use the windmills to help myself tilt the till.

You see, this Younger Generation hullabaloo lasted several years altogether. And it must

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have been about midway that some of us, struck with the value of this notoriety, started cashing. I hung to some scraps of my self-esteem by determinedly working at my poetry — a labor, after the initial flurry, entirely of love. But it was only a side issue. Mainly, I utilized my acquaintance with the views, habits, and customs of the Wild Young People for stories which sold. They had a mild resemblance to those of Scott Fitzgerald — not imitations, but, rather, pale echoes; for none of us others ever came within miles of Scott's perfection in his own particular field; he was the literary Al Capone of adolescence. I, for one, did not share his sincere passion for juvenility. It was merely another selling point for yarns.

Now that idealism had once more gone the way of all fish, I played the Youth game for all it was worth. Already upon the edge of thirty, I acted and looked the complete collegiate. In attitude, talk, activities, and dress I performed my rôle. I even wore Brooks Brothers suits exclusively. I took a sardonic delight in a protean career. While one section of my ego was endeavoring to produce serious poetry and run the literary section of a large newspaper, the other was turning out fictional tripe, dancing expertly at night clubs, manufacturing wisecracks, and shooting golf in the low eighties. I worked at all these with furious industry. The mixture of such warring components was another excellent selling point. It annoyed the onlooker, but it also puzzled and therefore interested. It made talk. To this day, incidentally, I bridle and simper if my true age is underestimated.

The years galloped along. Everybody was prosperous. Wages went higher and higher; magazine prices, thanks to floods of advertising, swelled. I accumulated enough of a stake to lay off the quickies for a while, and settle down to a couple of honest efforts. I slaved over a play, rewriting it five times. Inestimable good luck came my way in the person of George Abbott, who rewrote it again, directed it, and made it a middling Broadway success. A novel, upon which I worked with a deep earnestness, found an excellent response. It was then that I could still have saved something of integrity, by plugging along at worth-while stuff. But . . . Circe blew her dinner horn. Squealing and grunting, I dashed to the banquet.

IV

The talkies had just come into their first popularity. They invited me to be a scenarist, adapter, and dialogician. I went. During two years and a half, I hauled in a salary which, even then, my conscience felt must be somewhat out of keeping with the value of my contributions. But, in that Land Through the Looking-glass, how could true values be judged? I looked around at my fellow employees, and it seemed reasonable that, if they were worth their pay, I must be worth fully as much, probably more. It was all comparative.

For a while I turned out jobs I was proud of. I'm not ashamed of them to-day. Far from it. They were entertaining pictures, done with gusto.

Then the bloom wore off. The romance of Hollywood, little by little, dimmed. The industry, to a veteran of a year's campaign, revealed itself as one vast, incredible racket. Inefficiency, waste, stupidity, favoritism, poker table politics, toadyism, grandstand tactics, vulgarity, and bluff appeared to be of importance equal to that of veritable merit. Mind you, there were a number of honest toilers who untiringly put forth their best efforts. But, in every department, the chiselers and goldbrickers flourished. It was like a vast madhouse. Money was a plaything. The insane gold rush continued, ever growing and apparently limitless.

America as a whole was in mid-orgy. Hollywood was only a concentration camp for the national disease. All over the country, installment plan buying, dished out as the supreme business-getter by the super salesmen, was guzzled by the populace. A radio, a car, a piano, a house for everybody, no matter what the income. Pay a little down, spread it over, mortgage the future — this is going to last forever! Rum-running and gangsterism had long since rotted all respect for laws; corruption was treated as a naughty foible. The bull market zoomed upward, with no halt in sight. We were all off on a joy ride, a million miles a minute, bound for perpetual Prosperity. Easy money — get yours! The millenium of Something for Nothing had arrived.

Oh, well. . . .

Even then, I, for one, had lucid intervals when I looked for the collapse of the balloon.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It didn't fool me much. And was I a sap? Did I try to run my earnings into a fortune? Yea, verily!

Furthermore, I nearly got away with it. I had orders in at my broker's to sell me out at a point which would have enabled me to buy an annuity sufficient to keep me in great comfort for the rest of my life. (Provided, of course, that the insurance companies manage to survive the present cataclysm.) A week before the first big crash, my total had risen to within three thousand dollars of the stipulated goal. . . .

V

I STILL owe my broker seventeen dollars. He got almost all of my final year's take from the movies, as well as everything I had invested. I don't mean that he kept it, poor fellow. He simply acted as the agent in its transformation into thin air. I stayed and finished out my contract, not because I wanted to, or because the industry craved me any longer, but simply so that I could raise my head back somewhere near the surface.

I regret that finishing year in the movies, I am ashamed of my participation in the debacle, but I can't really blame myself. The whole show went on the skids. All the zest, the spirit of success faded out when the national boom burst. There have been a few fine pictures made since, but the average tumbled. Only one studio, which shall be nameless, continues turning out a worthy product. The rest went phut. The concern with which I was connected was particularly cracked by panic. Desperately, it fell back upon favoritism — "organization men"; *i.e.*, employees who would take orders, say yes, and never kick were the white-headed boys. Originality and daring ceased. Hack was king.

I do not work successfully under wraps. I have always been a squawker. My experience has been that I can usually take good material, and improve upon it. When the material is junk, I am helpless. Given dud stories, I yelled my head off. Then, grimly though angrily, I hurled myself into making silk purses out of sows' ears. The attempt was not successful. Mutual ill-feeling resulted. Let me hasten to say that, from the contractual standpoint, I received a courteous and honorable treatment that was impeccable. I do hope that the company will escape the ultimate bankruptcy which its other policies seem to have made inevitable.

Now, I am back at scratch, along with the rest of America, clutching my cranium and wondering. I must start all over again. Middle age and the slowing forties are glaring me in the eyes. I am determined, on this new trek, to keep in mind certain timeless bromides. Upon my mirror, for daily inspection, I shall paste those deathless saws: "Whatever goes up, must come down" — "Easy come, easy go" — "What's worth having is worth working for" — "The fool-killer gets 'em all."

I gaze with dismay upon the spectacle of a nation rushing about in a frenzy, like ants down whose hill have been poured successive floods of scalding water; upon the lugubrious antics of Congressmen, politicians, and industrial wizards alike; upon muddle and hopelessness. I hear screams for a leader — and so far, only the mountebanks or fatheads have answered.

And yet. . . . Perhaps . . . dare I say it? — Perhaps there is a whole generation of leaders in the making, a generation which will build upon the ruins, sweep aside all the idiocies and cheapnesses and false standards, and restore to America her lost decency, faith, and fortitude! A Younger Generation with guts!

Seldom before has there been so immense an opportunity as lies before you boys and girls who are just emerging into the activities of a sorry world. It's a tough job, but it is possible that you might clean up the mess. We won't be able to help you much. We had our chance, and we tossed it away. We're just a mob of irresolute, self-seduced suckers. Of course, we hope you will not have to throw us into the ash-can, but if you must, do not hesitate. At all events, let our example be a constant warning — don't sell yourselves!

Cling to your ideals. Oh, you'll be kidded, you'll be hindered, you'll be greeted on all sides with Bronx cheers, you'll be harangued and discouraged. Pay no attention. We went with the wind, and now we have found out, too late, that the moth does corrupt and that thieves do break in and steal.

I point out to you the words "honor" and "integrity." Dust them off. Emblazon them on your banners. Carry them high. In the long run, they seem to be the only ones that matter.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DAUMIER

The Fighting Cartoonist

by **THOMAS CRAVEN**

I

It is characteristic of great art that its influence endures, that it inspires subsequent generations to new activities and fresh conquests. I am not referring to fashionable revivals and polite recurrences such as the Baroque fad now raging in Europe, and the recent vogue of the Italian primitives, a nervous eruption in which self-conscious modern artists endeavored to transfer naïve effects to their own works without taking into account the substantial properties of the early masters. Nor do I refer to the recent campaign to restore the ancient glories of old Poussin — the result, not of one creative mind impelling others to intelligent action, but of the psychological and political maneuvers of impotent modernists who hope to prolong their prestige by relating their sterile performances to the lifeless mechanisms of a neo-classical god. I speak of the artist who affords genuine creative nourishment and spiritual direction to his successors and to the future. Daumier is a remarkable case in point. Here is a man who, not only by reason of his attitude toward his subject matter, not only by his terrific onslaught on certain evils, social and political, which are as old as organized society, but by his actual scenes and situations seems to be one of us, a living, fighting contemporary.

It is extraordinary that Daumier's manifest attainments should have been even momentarily eclipsed by the muddled uncertainties of Cézanne, and that his prophetic example should have been practically ignored for more than a generation. The processes and patterns of the Cubists — the illegitimate offspring of Cézanne — were, I suppose, more captivating than Daumier's dramatic attack on the fundamental malignities of the human race. For the generality of artists have always mistaken the sign for the substance, have always seized upon some specious technical method without knowledge of the fact that technique, as a genuinely productive factor, is the reflection of the artist's mental habits formed and conditioned by his experiences and his deeper interests in the affairs of his own age. And Daumier, bear in mind, being primarily a cartoonist, was not eligible to a seat in the sacred temple erected by the gilded fanatics of High Art. Such praise as he has received in the present post-Cézanne period has been the trifling recognition of his cubic structure expressed in the rigmarole of pure æsthetics. But it is hard, in these troubled times, to persuade anyone to listen to nonsense about pure æsthetics, or pure art, or purity of any description; and I am happy to report that our more sensible artists, shivering in the bleak atmosphere of national depression, are turning to American subject matter, both social and economic — to the delineation of suffering with now and then a savage thrust at the mountebanks in Washington and the thieves who steal and squander public funds. And they are turning for aid and comfort, not to the still-life distortions of Cézanne whose art lacks the blood and fury engendered by social combats, but to the power and tenderness and assassinating conviction of Honoré Daumier.

II

Before discussing the applicability of Daumier's medicine to the ills of American society — and American art — let us first look a little more closely into the nature of the enduring qualities of art in general. When we analyze a work of art in terms of permanent appeal, or survival, we are forced to the consideration of two characteristics. First, there is the immediate expressive value, the representational document which fixes a work in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

time and place by revealing racial traits, historical tendencies, environmental circumstances, and individual opinions. This is essentially the human element, the enduring emotional content with its various meanings and its infinite capacity to induce feelings of pity and terror, joy, pathos, and tragedy.

The second characteristic is purely instrumental and is best measured by its effectualness as a foundation for or inspiration to further discovery and invention in the unceasing evolution of what artists call types of form. It is predominantly intellectual in that it involves conscious planning, the critical choice between alternatives, and the concentration on means and the objective accomplishment which determines the reality of a work, identifying it as a fact distinct from all other facts, a unique structure.

Honoré Daumier

In masterpieces, I need hardly say, the two characteristics — the emotional or human, and the formal or instrumental — are inseparably united; just as in all effectual persons the will to be something or somebody is inseparably bound up with activity and positive achievement. Yet how often do we meet men and women who have conceived for themselves some imposing rôle in life with no means of supporting their vain-glorious claims! These gushing emotionalists are accepted on faith in deference to social amenities, or forced to starve and suffer from mental loneliness and the ill effects of the swollen ego. The type is common, so prevalent indeed in a world of innumerable maladjustments, that we are inclined to overlook it. There is the poet who has written no poetry; the painter who preaches one thing and practices another; the politician elected as a public servant, who gives the lie by his vote; the dissatisfied wife who moans lyrically to groups of tea drunkards that she is sacrificing her æsthetic talents to household drudgery; and the unappreciated geniuses who swarm round cocktail shakers throughout the land. These are fair specimens of the tragedy of pretense, of the miserable fate of yearning souls incapable of sustaining their assumed rôles by worthy action.

The cry of these bombastic pretenders is that they are entitled to express themselves, that all distinction in life is based on self-expression. There is some truth in the assertion. For expression — that is to say, expression of the self and the world — is an indispensable factor in the career of everyone possessing enough intelligence and energy to rise above conventional habits; and the first step in expressing is the ability to conceive of oneself as a distinct and original entity. But more is required. It is work, substantial doing, that divides the reality from the dream and transforms the conceptual self into a concrete fact. I have never had any sympathy with Gray's idle fantasy of the unappreciated singer. No man with anything to say has ever been dumb or inert. Man is known by his works. The mute inglorious Milton is a mute inglorious clod.

But action, in itself, is not necessarily commendable. We have, in contrast with the emotional egoists, a larger class whose lives are doomed or committed to unimaginative diligence — men and women so involved in stereotyped processes, so embedded in habitual routine that they give no thought to valuations, marching submissively with the procession, acceptant and dull. I need mention only a few specimens: the party zealot; the conventional tory and his brother under the skin, the conventional radical; the academic artist; the uncomplaining housewife; and the average banker and man of affairs.

In one class or the other we must put most of our friends and enemies. The human race, as a whole, is composed of pretenders devoid of good works and workers devoid of imagination. And works of art, being manifestations of human behavior, are, for the most part, either emblems of pretense, or of the futile

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Courtesy of the Weyhe Gallery

The Bourse in 1856

preoccupation with mechanical instruments which, driven by no purpose, end in nothing. The effectual artist, as I have said, pits his personality against the world, but at the same time fortifies his conception of self by solid achievement. Thus the self, the center of all expression, becomes a valid productive agent. Thus old forms and methods — the instrumental deposits luring most artists into worthless imitations — are dragged out of routine practice and directed purposefully into new channels by intelligent conviction. We are now prepared, I believe, to measure the stature and estimate the significance of the great Frenchman.

III

THE LIFE and work of Daumier are one, an indivisible union. Daumier, the man, an appalling figure set against his age, is a reality confirmed by his work; and his work is emotionally exciting and instrumentally fertile because it is bound up with conceptions originating in his formidable stand with and against the world. Let me sketch briefly the fitful tempers and iniquities of the period that produced him, a span of history offering so many close parallels to modern American life that his monumental commentaries should be viewed by our laymen with burning delight, and by our artists with reverence and emulation.

Daumier was born into a nervous, post-war generation and reared in an age of Lost Illusions. It was the age in which Balzac's distinguished provincial lost his illusions in the glittering world of Paris, and Flaubert's sentimental adulteress lost her soul in her pitiable efforts to escape the humdrum oppressions of the provinces. Radical by nature and cursed by poverty — he grew up in the gutter — he hoped for liberty and equality, and as a youth cherished vague beliefs in "the sovereignty of the people." During the summer insurrection of 1830 — he was twenty-two at the time — the Bourbons were temporarily ousted and he had visions of a decent republic. Instead he was confronted with Louis-Philippe and the soul-stifling narrowness of bourgeois materialism. A professional cartoonist attached to a rabble-rousing sheet, he retaliated with deadly, revolutionary propaganda, fired a hot shot at the ignoble king, and was promptly locked up. The reign of Louis-Philippe marked the enthronement of the business man, a prosperous, money-grubbing, bourgeois machine. French thrift was accompanied by the customary scandals and corruptions. Calculations and extortion superseded public spirit; stock-jobbing was rampant; electors sold votes to deputies and deputies sold out to ministers. Daumier's youthful ideals suffered a terrific jolt. Surrounded by Socialist agitators, he lost his illusions of popular, or mercantile, sovereignty, and vented his indignation on crooked speculators, impious politicians, and crimes of state. During the Second Republic, a time of riots and disorder with one political extreme running into another, and a muzzled press, he confined himself to showing up the meannesses and hypocrisies of the bourgeoisie. With the return of Bonapartism in the Second Empire, he resumed his post as political cartoonist, opposing the War of 1870 and lashing imperialistic sentiment in his most courageous fighting style. In his last years, overborne by poverty, half blind and paralytic, he continued his work as social satirist and painter of common things — subjects so elemental that they have been falsely called trivial. He

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had what is a thousand times more valuable in art than mere talent: he had character.

Surely this man, a fearless participant in social disorders which resemble so strikingly the upheavals in modern America, should be a great example to our artists. It would seem to be only a matter of common sense that a study of Daumier should be more useful to Americans than a trumped-up interest in the surfaces of neo-classicism, or an apish copying of French modernists who believe in nothing. Are American artists entirely wanting in conviction? Must they continue to be commercial illustrators or fanatics immersed in abstractions? Daumier, without his convictions, would have been a man of no consequence, a painting machine like Manet. It is a historical fact that Daumier's drawings made ministers of state shake in their boots. Would it not be a fine and salutary thing if an American cartoonist could make our high officeholders shake in their boots, or even communicate to them the feelings of contempt and animosity shared by the victims of their incompetence and crime? Such a miracle would make art a contemporary blessing, would go far to dispel the old superstition that art is something necessarily remote and sanctified, the property of dealers, collectors, and insufferable æsthetes. I am tempted into comparisons of subject matter.

I call attention to the following missiles selected from the four thousand volleys which Daumier leveled at his guilty countrymen:

View of Paris After They Played the Comedy Known as Stock Exchange; Stocks Are Falling Every Day; Panic at the Bourse; Balancing the Budget; *Le Ventre Législatif;* Portraits of Judges; What Is Called the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland; Smoking Women; The Last Bath (a suicide in the Seine); Injured Husband (divorce scene); Train Taken by Assault (a mob fighting for seats); and innumerable lithographs of shysters, shady speculators, and the army of the unemployed.

Look at these masterpieces — and they may be had to-day in cuttings from the original French magazines for as little as fifty cents each! They have none of the adjuncts of conventional beauty; they are free from classical humbug; they will not provoke the æsthetic emotion — that mild, drawing-room titillation enjoyed only by thin-blooded connoisseurs of French pattern-making. They have no transcendental implications: to get at their meaning you do not have to decipher esoteric codes. They have nothing to do with cults or culture; they speak with inestimable directness. They will make your blood boil, and in the light of recent experiences, will fill you with vehement glee and a satisfaction that is almost monstrous. And if, perchance, you happen to be a sensible art student, you will rejoice to see how cubic structure is inextricably — and religiously — wedded to voluminous human values, to such current meanings as rascality, misery, Gargantuan fraud, and national fear.

Louis-Phillipe, in executive ability inferior to a provincial mayor, was as unheroic as Hoover. He was a small-scale capitalist, a bumptious, undistinguished business man, in short, the typical petty Frenchman. Daumier depicted him again and again, and made him the heroic embodiment of avarice and duplicity, condensing in a head shaped like a pear national aspirations of the most odious character. I have no words to describe the image of mortification that would be called into being if an artist of Daumier's powers should work upon the plastic, infantine face of Herbert Hoover. Think of Daumier's conception of

Courtesy of the Weyhe Gallery

Two Advocates

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Guizot and his "Get Rich" philosophy, and his conception of Thiers, the shifty, scheming office-seeker at any price! Then turn your mind to Coolidge with his platitudes and his prosperity slogans, and to the career of Mellon, the greatest Secretary since Machiavelli! It would require no great stretching of the imagination to believe that a force like Daumier could dislodge the complacency of the New Englander and drive him into eternal silence; that such a force could make the greatest Secretary ashamed to show his face. Think of Borah, Alfalfa Bill, Governor Rolph, Al Capone, Mayor Walker, and Senator Smoot! A gallery of impenitents inviting slaughter.

Disarmament — "After you!"

IV

DAUMIER, technically considered, is a magnificent composer. Historically he belongs among the masters of the highest type of Occidental form development, the kinsman of Michael Angelo and Rembrandt. From his earliest years he studied the masters of the High Renaissance and Rembrandt, just as creative minds in all departments of art turn to men of kindred sympathies for guidance and inspiration. That he was influenced by the bulk forms of Michael Angelo and the light-and-shade devices of Rembrandt and by the power, integrity, and draughtsmanship of both cannot be denied. But his classical heritage was modified by his experiences; and his forms, founded upon precedent, were, in his maturity, wholly determined, one might say dictated, by observation and conviction. For Daumier, like Leonardo da Vinci, was a marvelous observer, and like Leonardo, made his observations the actual material of his instrumental procedure. In this he differs from the ordinary run of artists — the emotional quacks, illustrators, and tinkers.

At the present time, America is overrun with artists who, aroused by the war cry, "America First!" assume that because they have struck a patriotic attitude toward subject matter they are significant and original. All that they are doing is to impose some patent Continental formula upon American things, translating the poor miner or the skyscraper into the European idiom. They do not seem to understand the distinction between "being interested" and achieving interesting results, that to affect an attitude is not to substantiate it. I must also mention that large body of artists who are incapable of taking an attitude. I mean those mistaking methods for inspiration, who work blindly in the current international style. Both factions are academic, spoiled children of propaganda and the schools, spawn of traditions old and new. And both are ineffectual. They represent in the field of art our two psychological types.

Art is produced by the reciprocal action between experience — the self in contact with environment — and the instruments of expression. That is true even for that very limited experience which makes for whatever is good in decorative and abstract, or non-representational, painting. You will have perceived that there are variations of form among the Cubists, that exponents of pure form, or structure in the abstract, like Picasso and Braque, exhibit slightly different approaches to the modern environment. I might say in this connection that I have heard exponents of pure art raving over the plastic volumes, the dynamic organization, and the sequential planes of Daumier. I do not deny the presence of such properties: they are to be found in Daumier in superabundance. But the difference between Picasso and Daumier is this: the first plays with the fractions of planes and solids for the sole purpose of showing us ingenious combinations of inorganic matter; the second uses structural devices to promulgate his views on humanity, and incidentally gives us richer and more in-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

teresting forms. In the one we have organization for its own sake — design employed as an end in itself; in the other design becomes the means to an end.

With the majority of artists the making of forms is a mechanical exercise, a servile habit acquired by contact with an imitation of established practice. In other words, most artists spend their lives trying to make pictures out of other pictures. They will never learn that true creation consists in the modification of traditional styles and methods under the pressure of living experiences. This modification, as I have already pointed out, cannot be gained by the study of processes or traditional achievements alone. It is the consequence of new interests and convictions inevitably demanding new instruments of expression. New forms cannot be invented by the repetition of fashionable processes, as our modernists or abstract artists would have us believe; nor can they be invented by grafting subject matter on academic precepts.

Daumier, I repeat, derived his technical apparatus from the great background of Occidental tradition. The instrumental sources of his art were common property — open to all, used by all, and converted by the Academy into boudoir garniture and mural emptiness. As opposed to his contemporaries in whom the same instruments were unproductive, Daumier was profoundly moved by life — by living people, social disturbances, human complications; and he, in turn, moved the stationary world of traditional practice, creating new forms. His forms have endured. Emotionally they have never been more exhilarating than at the present; and instrumentally they are fertile, lending themselves to new developments in precisely the same fashion as the old art from which he drew the first elements of his technique.

Diplomacy cuts up Europe

Daumier's interests and powers of observation must be distinguished from those of the Impressionists and all other sight-seers and reporters who have found their way into painting. Let us take Manet by way of illustration. Manet was by no means unintelligent. He too painted "life" — occupational scenes and current events; and his influence on modern painting cannot be ignored. But Manet had no convictions, no preferences for one thing above another. His sole aim was to paint well in the manual sense — to record what the eye could take in at a glance; and within the terms of his own conception of art, no man ever painted better. He was absorbed in processes — in tones and values — not in any light which tones and values might shed on the riddle of living. Like Daumier, he broke the academic mold, but when we compare the work of the two men and follow the Manet tradition to its logical conclusion in Sargent and the horde of despicable portrait painters, the vast divergence in their approaches is at once apparent. Manet is a painter of surfaces; his art is ready material for shallow imitation.

The work of Daumier thus far has given rise to nothing cheap or mechanical for the very good reason that painters destitute of conviction cannot profit by his example. Daumier is a composer of forms, bringing to each of his conceptions the integrated experiences of a lifetime. He must be studied and digested like Leonardo and Rembrandt. His observations are assimilated into a definite conception of life and into personal judgments determining the emphasis and relative position of the elements included in his expressions. In a word, the difference between him and Manet is the difference between a knowing and a recording instrument.

Daumier painted from convictions and interests originating outside of art — in the realm of life itself — and to his fund of art knowledge, basically traditional, he added the special characteristics of bulk form and dramatic accentuation proceeding from his beliefs.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Thus he created new forms equivalent to his experiences. A specific example will make this clear. His renderings of the human mouth, particularly the mouths of lawyers, are the most startling and expressive in the history of art. They are not the anatomical drawings of a surgeon; nor were they made by hiring a model to gape and yawn. Daumier used no professional models; his model, he remarked, was the whole of Paris in action. In youth he was, for a time, an usher in a court of law, a menial job but one affording him a golden opportunity to observe the behavior of scoundrels. He studied with fascination and contempt the antics of jurists, and began to think that the most interesting thing in the world was the mouth of a lawyer in operation. We may share his beliefs, remembering Mr. Gene Fowler's recent biography of a notorious criminal pleader, *The Great Mouthpiece*, an epithet borrowed from the slang of the underworld. The interaction of subject and artist, the conjunction of the lawyer's mouth and the feelings of fascination and contempt brought to it by Daumier, evoked features of gigantic plasticity and power. These feelings necessitated the overriding of technical processes, and the invention of new forms — in this case new mouths — commensurate with Daumier's experiences and convictions. Similarly is all enduring art created.

V

DAUMIER, in his political and social rôles, has his American counterpart in Thomas Nast. A sharp and aggressive adversary pardoning no evil, Nast made himself hated and feared by the corrupt gang that operated in New York during the Tweed régime. As I read day by day the foul disclosures of the Seabury commission, I was reminded of Nast's valiant efforts in the interests of municipal decency. He remains the most effectual American cartoonist. He was also, at times, an excellent composer in the formal or plastic sense; and certain members of the Tweed ring, conspiring to silence him, flattered his artistry and offered to send him abroad in order that he might cultivate, at safe distance, the less dangerous side of his talent.

Between Daumier and Nast, however, there is a great gulf, the gulf that separates the newspaper propagandist from the artist. Both are practical cartoonists, but the Frenchman brings to his drawings a double-barreled equipment: a profound knowledge of plastic instruments united with a poignant life-experience which, through its effect on his instruments, makes his art a living organism apart from its practical message.

Nast, commanding to a certain extent a compositional technique, is saved from the banality of most journalists, but his direct contacts with life are more literary than artistic. That is to say, his ideas — the concepts rising from his experiences — seem first to have taken verbal form and afterward to have been subjected to plastic treatment. As a consequence, his figures are only manikins,

In New York to-day we may observe the development of a species of radical cartoon which, in its stinging comment, resembles the work of Daumier. But despite its liveliness and sincerity, the radical cartoon, like the political art of Thomas Nast, is lacking in fundamental reality. The distortions and accentuations in anatomy and design — essential elements in all good craftsmanship — are dictated entirely by verbal concepts poured into a mold of hardened beliefs. From this mold stock forms emerge — politicians, policemen, and working men; effigies as standardized as the manikins of the department store window, and as lifeless.

The appearance of radical cartoonists in considerable numbers is one of the most heartening signs in American art. It attests an interest in life rather than in studio claptrap. But the meanings of life, to the forceful artist, are not first verbally comprehended and organized, and then transferred to a plastic structure. The plastic structure in art is not a vehicle for the telling of stories. It is an organization to which stories may be attached, as they are attached to the great facts of life.

To the ambitious American who is at once artist and commentator, Daumier stands out as a shining example. His art is an articulate organism. It speaks, but with its own tongue, compassing and calling forth the noblest attributes of the human spirit. It needs no labels or conventional badges to define its meaning: the labels and dialogue were written by the editors. Like the common things of life the meanings of which are independent of names and descriptions, it lives.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Millions for Defense

And Millions More for Tribute

by **MARK S. WATSON**

THE IDEA that when the war to keep the world safe for democracy was over its expenses were over too, we are gradually discovering, was just another of childhood's dreams, akin to those other blissful illusions which floated before our eyes in 1919.

For military expenses have gone on and on. Disarmament pleas have been fruitful in devising new weapons which had not existed at all until post-bellum conditions created them. Not only in Europe, but here in America, expenditures on both army and navy, which had been sharply reduced immediately after the war, have been advancing anew; they now represent 17 per cent of our annual budget. The national debt, which save for the recent depression deficits is almost entirely due to the Great War, continues to demand, in combined principal and interest payments, 27 per cent of our tax dollar. But far and away the most startling item in our whole budget, now grown to a little over 25 per cent of our whole national expense and still growing, is the nation's annual expenditures through our Veterans' Administration. These three items, national defense, debt service, and balm for veterans, making up the nation's continuing outlay for past and future wars, now represent in toto just short of 70 per cent of our annual expenditures, and in the fiscal year just ending actually totaled very much *more* than our entire national governmental income!

The veteran has become an increasingly costly luxury. No doubt a badly rattled Congress will pass still more legislation to aid him (a couple of startling grabs were narrowly averted this year), but even without a single new bill, the laws now on the books will inevitably, by their natural cumulative effect, make certain large items in the next year's Veterans' Administration expense higher than this year's. And in 1934 they will be higher yet, and in 1935 still higher. Hard times? Yes, indeed. And in this respect they are going to get harder for the taxpayer.

When the veterans started their famous march on Congress last May, and while they were easily convincing the more nervous statesmen that something really had to be done about the bonus-payment demands, the burden of their theme song was that the boys had been treated pretty badly by a niggardly Congress. That penny-pinching body, one gathered, and the nation itself were in a conspiracy to deprive the boys of half the bonus they were clearly entitled to; it was bad enough to make the bonus so small, but to hang on to half of it was worse; and to make the boys pay interest on the half which they had got on the last grab was little short of thievery.

The fact is, of course, that instead of being niggardly America has been most amazingly generous. Belgium and France give old age pensions to veterans, and other nations give them to non-veterans as well. Italy and Canada made generous provisions for land settlement and other aids. But in the main, aside from the necessary permanent aid to the war cripples, European nations washed up their warriors soon after the war and sent them back to work. In America, the donations to the soldiers and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sailors who had not received a scratch really started about that time. How rapidly the donations have piled up since then is hardly dreamed by the unfortunate taxpayer. How much higher they are going to pile up cannot be even estimated. General Frank T. Hines, the cautious and very hard-headed head of the Veterans' Administration, says that by 1940 the Veterans' Administration will have spent $11,000,000,000 from the groaning taxpayers' contributions and that in another decade its disbursements will have equaled the whole original cost of the war itself — which was figured at $21,850,000,000. And the outlay will keep on rising.

It may be necessary to explain this confident prediction that, even with no additional contributions by a mush-headed Congress, but solely by the operations of existing legislation, the Veterans' Administration is going to increase certain of its expenditures each year for some years to come. The prediction is confident because it is based on a simple mathematical certainty. It runs back to a Congressional act which for years to come will rise to haunt us, an act which is as nearly indefensible as anything a prodigal Congress has done in this generation, yet an act which is beyond correction. This was the little-known act which created the "disability allowance."

"Adjusted Compensation"

A nation's obligation to care for the man crippled by wounds received in its military service, and for the dependents of the men killed in battle, has been recognized from very early days. In Plymouth colony it was formally recognized as early as 1636, when the court ruled that any warrior coming home maimed from the wars with the Indians should be entitled to lifetime maintenance by the Colony. The Continental Congress of 1776 provided half-pay for life during disability for a soldier or sailor who had lost a limb or otherwise been disabled to the point of being unable to earn a livelihood. We know how quickly the Grand Army of the Republic saw to it that Union soldiers or their widows got pensions.

It was to avert the evils of that indiscriminate pension system that we passed the War Risk Insurance act of October 6, 1917. At one swoop all the pension scandals which followed the Civil War were eliminated, then and forever. The law was on the books!

Our soldiers were highly paid, on a comparative basis; $30 a month and $33 for overseas service comparing most agreeably with the *poilu's* $1.50 a month, to use a famous example. They were well fed and clothed and doctored, our lesson in this respect being well learned after the embalmed beef and typhoid catastrophes of the Spanish War. Their needs for moral and spiritual welfare were certainly fully recognized, if Red Cross, Y. M. C. A., Knights of Columbus, Salvation Army, and a brigade of chaplains could satisfy them. And now the volunteers and conscripts alike were given legal assurance that if they should lose life or limb their sacrifice would not be ignored by a grateful fatherland. Some of the commercial life insurance companies refused to carry their policyholders if they went to war. The government took the job and in one year wrote $40,000,000,000 worth. All this being officially settled, we went on with the business of winning the war.

The war at length was over, although there are recurring doubts about just who won it. Some 4,500,000 American soldiers and sailors were about to doff uniforms, and there was a sudden realization that, after all, the men who had come through their war experience unscathed should have a slight pat on the back. Accordingly, when a man was discharged, along with his old uniform and accrued pay plus the cost of transportation from the demobilization point to his registered residence, he was given the flat sum of $60 as a discharge bonus. There was no general demand for any further bonus. Presumably the men were so glad to get away from uniform and discipline and army rations that it never occurred to them that they should ask anything except their blessed escape.

But at length it was learned that our Allies were paying bonuses of varying amounts to their ex-soldiers. True, England and France had been at war considerably longer than had we and in active battle-sectors very much longer (4¼ years against 5½ months) and possibly for that reason our Allies' troops needed a little more help in converting themselves from *militaires* to *civiles*. Anyway, it was not long before it was being pointed out that Canada was giving bonuses ranging up to $600 to enlisted men (and $1680 to field officers) who had served overseas for over three years —

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

although less attention was paid to the fact that *only* overseas service brought that reward. And England was paying $24 to privates who had served under one year and up to $189 to first-class warrant officers who had been in France for five years. Thrifty France was paying $82 to men who had served away from the front and up to $249 to veterans of the combat zone. Bleeding Belgium was paying from $82 to $492 for the full period of the long war. Italy paid as much as $64. And America, it was pointed out with a good deal of bitterness, had paid only $60, veterans of a few weeks on the home front sharing alike with their battle-scarred brothers of the A. E. F. There came a steadily increasing demand for an adjusted compensation, intended to bring to the veteran, deprived of high wages during the war, a measure of the profit his civilian brother had enjoyed. This fight for adjusted compensation, the "bonus," slowly but surely gathered strength.

At the outset the American Legion definitely did not engage in it, rather opposed it, holding that its members had gone into service as a patriotic duty, as a sacrifice which could not be appraised on a dollar basis. The Legion maintained this courageous and high-minded position for some time — only to find its membership trickling away into other organizations which wasted no time on high-minded argument but candidly told the ex-soldier that they were out to get a bonus for their members and advised him to get aboard. He did, in such numbers that eventually the Legion had to take a practical view of the situation and move away gradually from its original position, ending by leading the first successful campaign for adjusted compensation.

Much the same thing was true of later campaigns for extension of the original bonus measure and other benefits. The Legion uniformly started out with a vigorous demand for full and generous aid to the man who had been crippled by war's experience — which no humane being could sensibly oppose — and generally (although not in the 1932 instance) wound up by supporting measures which went considerably beyond that entirely laudable purpose.

So many years have passed since that fight for "adjusted compensation" was won, over the Coolidge veto, that most people, in Congress and out, have forgotten how the amount of the bonus was computed. Chiefly they forget that the bonus certificate now outstanding is for a much larger sum than it was ever contended was "due" the veteran as an immediate adjustment.

The act of May 19, 1924, provided that the amount of pay adjustment to each veteran should be computed by allowing $1 a day for each day of home service and $1.25 a day for each day of foreign service, between April 5, 1917 and July 1, 1919 (nearly eight months after the Armistice) less sixty days — this being the period recognized as cared for by that $60 demobilization payment. The maximum allowance was to be $500 for home service and $625 for foreign service. This was the first step. The next was to recognize that deferment of payment called for some recognition, and 25 per cent was automatically added. The next was to call in the insurance actuaries and figure out a plan for giving this money to the soldiers, not right away but in the form of insurance against old age. The method was to take the base sum referred to above, plus the 25 per cent automatic increment, and carry it ahead for 20 years compounding annually at 4 per cent, approximately doubling the principal thereby. The figure thus arrived at was the amount of the insurance. To illustrate, a veteran with a year's service, part of which was performed overseas, might be allowed an adjusted service credit of $397. But this entitled him to a $1000 adjusted service certificate due in 1945. In other words, when that veteran borrowed 50 per cent of that face value he got $103 more than the bonus proper. In General Hines's words, it is "probably the most misunderstood benefit that exists to-day."

It is possible that the more ardent of the bonus seekers have made no spirited effort to understand it, or permit the public to understand it. For it was not long before there was a fearful clamor for abandonment of the 1945 insurance idea and for payment on demand — not of the base amount (the $397 in the illustration cited) but of the face value of the certificate (the $1000 in that illustration). This was resisted, but by terrifying timid Congressmen with talk about the "soldier vote" (whose cohesive existence has never yet been proved on any grand scale, by the way) the veterans last year jammed through a bill calling for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

loaning on demand one-half the face value. This was taken advantage of by half the veterans — 2,000,000 of them borrowing $800,000,000.

Now with half the veterans already borrowing up to half the certificates' face value, it was a very short time before the agitators were again among them inciting them to make demand either for recognition of the recent loan as an outright gift, or for the other half of their bonus certificates in cash. This, of course, would mean the abandonment by most of the recipients of any idea that they had received a loan and of any idea either of repaying it or of paying interest on it. Worse, it would mean a very grave injury to the thrifty men who had been keeping up their insurance, for the money which was necessarily used to make these loans in the past year was the money built up as reserve for the whole amount of insurance. If this reserve, instead of being loaned out at interest, as was thought, should prove to have been simply tossed out as a gift, obviously it would gravely endanger the reserve from which the thrifty men's insurance is one day to be paid.

The Legion recognized this and by a large vote rejected the idea as unfair to thrifty veterans and unsound from the point of view of national welfare, times being bad enough already. Once more was demonstrated the technique of ten years earlier. A lesser organization, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, set about clamoring for the full payment. It was quick to admit that this would call for a payment of over $2,000,000,000 by a country which even now cannot balance its budget. But what of it? The purpose of the gift, it developed, was not really to help the veterans but to help the nation. The nation, it seems, needs money inflation and here was, beyond a doubt, a ready method of inflating!

This attack was beaten off partly through the opposition of the more conservative veterans themselves, one group in which Archie Roosevelt was a leader being particularly active in opposing a treasury raid at so critical a time. The ill-advised "march on Washington" by some 20,000 veterans came too late to convince a Congress badly rattled by indignant economy demands from outraged constituents. The President's veto had already nailed a scandalous new pension bill passed up to him and thereby had won such hearty public endorsement that the new bonus bill's advocates, victorious in the House, failed miserably in the Senate. The issue is dead until fall.

What the Taxpayer Contributes

And now one can take advantage of the lull to list the benefits which the government has presented to the war veterans, apart from the bonus itself which, with all items considered, so far has cost $1,247,000,000 and ultimately will have cost $3,638,000,000, even if Congress never makes another donation. This, bear in mind, is for every veteran, regardless of whether he ever suffered a scratch or had to sneeze, or stirred 100 miles from his own front yard.

Now for those who did suffer injuries of one sort or another. The best measure of America's behavior is, probably, the annual payments for total disability. According to data collected by the Veterans' Administration, Great Britain pays $520 a year, Canada $900 (both paying more liberally to high ranking officers), France $286, Italy $214, Germany $125, Belgium $500. Several add allowances for children. The United States pays up to $960 in the case of temporary disability, and up to $2400 a year for "double total permanent disability," (that is, for blindness plus loss of a limb) and $600 more for an attendant when needed. For disabilities less than total there is a grading downward in all cases; nowhere does any other nation seem to pay more than does America. Canada is our closest rival, naturally. And nowhere are there so many veterans under treatment, although America's casualties were one-eighth of Britain's and one-fifteenth of France's and one-seventeenth of Germany's.

In our allowances to veterans whose working potentialities have decreased there has been a steady expansion. As mentioned, the act of 1917 was supposed to meet the need permanently, and to avert automatically and forever the scandals of favoritism as well as the reproaches of negligence. Scientific as it was, it collapsed before the delicate oglings between Congressmen and the soldier vote. Mark the progression.

In 1921 it was pointed out that in addition to wound cases, there were "service-connected illnesses." Victims of gas attacks, who had been demobilized in 1919 as wholly healthy, had

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ultimately developed tuberculosis of the lungs and throat. Shell-shocked veterans who after a few months of convalescence had been demobilized and discharged as cured, developed strange aberrations a year later. Cancer developed long after the war. Cases of all three categories were quite reasonably presented as war casualties which the war-risk legislation should recognize. And Congress, quite unopposed by any hostile national sentiment in so reasonable a mercy to deserving men, promptly directed that the Veterans' Bureau recognize the needs of these poor fellows whom examination showed to be 10 per cent under their normal efficiency from causes *presumptively* related to war service. All they had to do was to prove this subsidence within two years of discharge. And then it was extended further; anyone who could prove his case by January 1, 1925, was given a rating as a presumptive war casualty; a good deal could happen to a man, obviously, in six years.

Meantime the work in vocational education was making splendid headway. It used up $644,000,000, which is pretty good headway for any enterprise. The students' dependents were paid, too, using up $30,000,000 more in that cause. Beyond doubt some good was done; there are many cases of seemingly hopeless fellows becoming self-supporting.

Then in 1928 a sudden plea was made in behalf of the retired emergency officers who could prove that through wounds or illness due to service they had lost 30 per cent efficiency. If they could, they rated three-fourths pay (also allowance for a nurse) and it was found that 6000 ex-officers qualified. That is now taking $11,000,000 a year.

Then there was a new burst of activity in hospital construction, for war casualties were turning up so swiftly that one would almost think the war was still going on instead of being a decade in the past. So far hospitals have cost $106,000,000 in construction costs, and $39,000,000 a year to run, but the end is nowhere near. The buildings keep on going up. It should be borne in mind that the Veterans' Administration does not always seek the hospitals that are built. That at Salt Lake City, for example, has been built solely because Senator Smoot attached to the appropriation bill a clause containing binding instructions to put up a hospital at Salt Lake City.

Last year we had 125,000 veterans hospitalized for 12,000,000 days: Britain, with eight times as many casualties, had 34,185 ex-service men receiving hospital treatment. We *need* to have a lot of men under treatment, for we must do something with our 69 hospitals built and building. Also our 6 Army hospitals, 14 Navy hospitals, and 19 Marine hospitals whose idle space is available — a total of 108 hospitals partly or wholly available to veterans. Also there are 54 regional offices for treating minor ills. And there are 11 national soldiers' homes, and 3 more now going up. Then, too, there are a few state soldiers' homes where an occasional federal veteran is sent for convenience, the Veterans' Administration paying for his keep the amount it would cost to maintain him at a national soldiers' home.

If these housing facilities seem somewhat extensive for veterans of whom so small a percentage suffered battle injuries, it is explained readily enough. Most of our hospital cases had no battle injuries whatever! It will be recalled that in 1921 the government, anxious to err on the side of humanity if at all, revised its disability compensation system so as to afford help to the unfortunate veterans whose maladies, mainly tuberculosis and nervous disorders, were due either actually or presumptively to the war. But in April, 1922, an amendment authorized hospitalization for veterans of the Spanish-American, Boxer, and Philippine difficulties when they were suffering from tuberculosis or neuropsychiatric ailments, whatever the origin. This was the first step toward caring for veterans' illnesses not presumptively related to army service. Other steps, in hospitalization and in pensions, followed swiftly.

For on July 3, 1930, came what most observers regard as the most serious authorization of all Congress has made. This provided a "disability allowance" for veterans who had been recruited any time before the Armistice and served 90 days, and could prove 25 per cent disability not the result of their own wilful misconduct — but *not* necessarily acquired during service. The one observable restriction is that the recipient shall be able to claim exemption from paying an income tax during the year preceding his application. The pensions run from $12 to $40 a month.

Of course this means that a man who falls down stairs — unless he does so when he is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

drunk, which would presumably be construed as "the result of his own misconduct" — may qualify for a pension as surely as if he had been riddled by machine-gun fire. And of course it means that as he passes middle life and inescapably loses 25 per cent of youth's efficiency, all he needs to display is a doctor's certificate to that effect, and inability to earn enough to pay an income tax on — a widely held qualification just now. The "disability allowance" comes pretty close to repeating the plain, old-fashioned Civil War pension system against which we thought in 1917 we had so carefully guarded. There are 350,000 men benefiting from it now, getting $104,000,000 a year. It is absolutely impossible to guess how high this figure will soar in the next dozen years.

So far as that goes, it is impossible to guess how high any of these figures will soar. The 1932–3 budget estimate of expenditures is based on those which have already been established by Congress, but no one knows what Congress will approve next. Note, for example, that there are more Spanish War pensions being paid to-day, and for a larger total amount, than was the case a year ago, despite the fact that, obviously, there are fewer Spanish War veterans alive to-day. Note that our veterans' hospitals, owing to the expansion of facilities and the reduction of restrictions, are steadily increasing the number of their patients thirteen years after the last shot was fired — and that of those now under treatment 60 per cent are there for reasons wholly unrelated to the war! The list of ailments includes maladies of which the old-fashioned practitioner never heard.

To be sure, we have not yet gone quite as far as we did after the Civil War in providing a pension for practically every Union soldier or sailor who could be made to take it, which included most of them. But then, the Great War is less than fourteen years behind us, and we still have time. It is interesting to observe in the last available report of the Commissioner of Pensions that there were still 48,900 Civil War Veterans and 167,000 widows on the pension rolls although the war ended sixty-seven years ago; that there are 630 Mexican War widows getting pensions, and that there are still 10 widows of the War of 1812. The last Revolutionary War widow continued to pull down her pension until one hundred twenty-five years after Yorktown! With that as a precedent, it may be seen, we can look forward to quite an extended period of pension-paying.

Have We Slighted Our Veterans?

Here, then, in brief review, may be summarized the various activities of the Federal Government in behalf of our war veterans:

For sick or wounded:

Vocational education for 179,000; it cost the government $675,000,000.

Compensation up to $200 a month in the case of the permanently disabled; plus allowance for dependents; plus $50 a month for nurse.

Care at one of the 108 hospitals, or the 54 regional offices, or the 11 or more soldiers' homes.

Three-fourths retirement pay for retired emergency officers, with 30 per cent disability; plus $50 a month for nurse if needed.

"Disability allowance" if 25 per cent under par and exempt from income tax.

For all veterans, sick or well:

The original $60 discharge bonus.

The later adjusted compensation, in the form of insurance up to $1560, given gratis and serving as basis for low-rate loans up to half the face value.

Insurance up to $10,000, at rates below those of the insurance companies and without restriction as to physical examination.

Preferment in the civil service, including a 5 per cent addition to the earned rating (10 per cent in case of disabled veterans or wives or widows) exemption from age restriction and from many physical qualifications demanded in the case of non-veterans, also immune from discharge or reduction if efficiency rating equals that of any competitor; also examinations closed to all others may be reopened for veterans; also immune from restrictions as to state apportionments affecting jobs in the District.

This last item may well have proven an expensive one (for it puts veterans grading 66 per cent in civil service tests above non-veterans grading 96 per cent), but it has never been computed on a dollar basis. The others have and they run up to $1,000,000,000 a year already.

The work of the Veterans' Administration has now reached the point where 30,000 persons are needed for administration — 5000 of them in a single building in Washington. That army alone costs money. To a Congressional committee the head of the Veterans' Administration, General Hines, remarked that the cost of the Veterans' Administration is "increasing at a staggering rate and an alarming rate, and we have not felt the full force of present legislation yet." In other words, the worst is yet to come, even if Congress never passes another bill. Cheerful news for our grandchildren!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield

Radio Reviews

Political Static

by **CYRUS FISHER**

THE STORM has been brewing all during the summer. The sullen rumble from the Republican Convention and the crashing electric discharges from the Democratic Convention were only preludes to the fury and thunder which will reach their climax during the next two months. Eight years ago the radio was too new to have any appreciable influence on the election. Four years ago Senator Borah's great voice booming through the ether waves answering former Governor Smith's rapierlike thrusts gave a nation-wide audience a hint of the intense drama in a radio campaign.

This year party war chests are depleted. The national radio chains have lost enough sponsored programs to make radio executives welcome the great political show with open arms. As a result, from now until November we are going to be deluged with political speeches over the air. The radio is scheduled to carry the major burden of the political campaign for both parties. The success of the speakers before the microphone may well become a deciding factor as to whether President Hoover starts cleaning out his Palo Alto residence.

Most of the men who are going to campaign over the air have had a fair amount of radio experience. But few of them have taken the time or trouble to adapt their material or style of delivery to the exigencies of the microphone. They are going to discover a much more experienced audience than four years ago. Many proud phrases, tested by time-honored usage, will fall flat because the microphone has the diabolical habit of distorting the personality of the speaker. Will Rogers, Elsie Janis, Belle Baker, and George Jessel, to mention only a few who were tricked by the microphone, discovered that. Noble statesmen with voices of hog-calling volume will find public disapproval just as marked as it is against any other unsuccessful radio entertainer.

I use the word "entertainer" advisedly. The radio is no longer a novelty. If you are inveigled into a political rally, it is well-nigh impossible to walk out on the speaker; but it is as easy as swallowing a highball (if you have the highball) to switch off a dusty-worded talker to a swell program (and you'll have a number in September and even more in October). No matter how deeply important the message, the radio audience has been educated to expect something *interesting*. Not always pure entertainment; but something very much akin to it. I dare say more people stayed up all night to listen to the Democratic Convention than to the Republican for that very reason.

This attitude of the radio public may be unfortunate. At least it is natural. Therefore I propose that it would be more just to the gentlemen included in the following critical summary to consider them not so much for their other abilities as statesmen, or politicians, or engineers, as the case may be, but principally as additions to our existing radio talent. This is the way they will be received by the majority of their radio listeners. Except for a few scattered instances, after listening to them on the air it is evident that their previous political experience has convinced them that the radio audience is not concerned with speeches requiring great mental effort to understand.

HOOVER AND ROOSEVELT

Herbert Clark Hoover, present holder of the office. Sponsored by the Grand Old Party. A considerable part of Mr. Hoover's program is devoted to advertising the merits of his sponsor and that sponsor's products. He will appear on both networks. A steady, conservative program of great dramatic significance. Very educational.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Sponsored by the Democratic Party. The dramatic intensity of Mr. Roosevelt's program is pitched higher than Mr.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hoover's because the former is more of a showman. Advertising time is about the same. Mr. Roosevelt, too, will appear on both networks. At this date, information is that he will appear more frequently than Mr. Hoover. As long as he does not borrow from the same gag man supplying Mr. Smith, his program is worth your attention.

At one time Mr. Hoover had a large radio following. Lately, so many of his former fans have been forced to dispose of their radio sets that he may be compelled to build up a new following over the air. This will take time. It may handicap his sponsor.

Fortunately, Mr. Hoover has succeeded in developing the most individual style of delivery of any of the statesmen entertaining their constituents through the courtesy of the broadcasting companies. The tonal characteristics of his voice approximate the effect of an old-fashioned phonograph in need of winding. This tonal quality should prove to be a great advantage for Mr. Hoover. It is his signature, his trade-mark, as it were; and such distinct identification characteristics are important for sponsored programs. Mr. Hoover's program will not require any other special signature, such as, for example, "Lucky Days are here again!" as his own voice furnishes all that is needed. A few jealous radio comedians noted for their dead-pan style of delivery, as I believe it is sometimes called among the profession, have complained that Mr. Hoover has borrowed this effect from their bag of tricks just to impress himself more noticeably on the fickle radio public.

This is unjust. I heard Mr. Hoover speak long before the people became infatuated with the idea of placing a business man — or was it an engineer? — in the White House. I will stoutly affirm that his method of giving practically every word the same stress, with the uncanny accuracy of a mathematical mind, was not copied since his début on the air. No, he has used this technique for a number of years, and effectively. It certainly gives him an edge on Mr. Roosevelt. You must either listen to Mr. Hoover and do nothing else or give up entirely as his unemphatic delivery, when he bites into the meat of his speech, requires intense concentration on your part.

On the other hand, to mark up against Mr. Hoover's advantage in delivery, Mr. Roosevelt has more sex appeal. This is important as it will attract the women's votes. Al Smith has always been popular with the men and look what the women did in 1928! Mr. Roosevelt has a clear, educated voice. His sponsors, however, in his best interests, might suggest that he watch his Harvard accent. It is mild, I know, but a large number of voters who are paying taxes on unproductive corn lands west of the Mississippi have strong ideas about anyone who neglects an "R," or rests lovingly upon an "A." Such matters are habitually ignored by purely professional radio talent. But for those statesmen who enter the radio field only every four years or so, this hesitant warning is worthy of consideration. Al Smith could tell Mr. Roosevelt that, too.

Curtis and Garner

Charles Curtis, supported by Dolly Gann. Mr. Curtis is, at present, vice-President of the United States. Both he and Mrs. Gann are sponsored by the Grand Old Party. The whole program is advertising time. When Mr. Curtis cannot appear, Mrs. Gann will. Mr. Curtis is not very funny but Mrs. Gann is. Mr. Curtis is not recommended. Mrs. Gann is, enthusiastically.

John Nance Garner. Sponsored by the Democratic Party, and William Randolph Hearst. Mr. Garner will appear in a western drama entitled "Honest John." His part is designed to appeal to a more selective audience. The whole program is advertising time concerning certain nostrums offered by the sponsor. Those of the larger radio audience should be interested as a matter of curiosity; Southern Colonels and all cowboys and ranchers are especially advised to watch for his appearance.

Mr. Garner, on the whole, and I will say it even if I am accused of partisanship, will be more interesting than Mr. Curtis. However, both of them are fully eclipsed by Mr. Curtis's valiant sister, Mrs. Gann. Mrs. Gann makes all of the statsemen who parade around in pants and elastic shoes mere shadows when it comes to radio speeches.

Borah and Smith

William Edgar Borah. Refuses to be sponsored at present. No advertising time. Supplied heavy artillery in election campaign of 1928. One of the first of our statesmen to make an attempt to adapt his voice to the microphone. Has a big rich voice which the newer radio sets will pull through admirably. By all means tune in if he changes his mind during the campaign.

Alfred E. Smith. May be sponsored by the Democratic Party. Advertising time still undecided. Probably the most forceful speaker ever on the air. Handicapped by having the microphone exaggerate his pronunciation of vowel sounds. At times he makes grammatical mistakes as he has the courage to ad-lib into the microphone. If you have a chance to hear

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

him this fall, listen, whether you agree with him or not, because Mr. Smith is perhaps the only politician who has never showed any fear of saying what he believes.

It is an interesting and ironic commentary on the 1932 Presidential campaign, the most important in generations, that the most dramatic speaker of the Republican Party has publicly announced he will not support his party nominee and will not appear before the country and that the most dramatic personality in the Democratic Party, while half-heartedly indicating that he will not withdraw, has made no promises to appear before the microphone in support of his party nominee. Senator Borah and ex-Governor Smith are temperamental, as are all star performers. It is very possible that before this appears in print, one or the other, or both of them, will have reconsidered. Certainly the radio campaign will be tremendously enlivened if they finally decide to break their silence.

The radio has helped one. It was a serious handicap to the other. Even in 1928, when microphones and receiving sets were not nearly so sensitive and accurate as they are to-day, Senator Borah's voice came through without appreciable distortion or blurring. Since then he has learned more about speaking before a microphone. He has discovered how to cooperate with the monitor man, his pauses are shorter and therefore more effective, and he is more careful about enunciating the final syllables in every word. His national reputation has increased through his appearance over the air. His speeches are carefully prepared in advance. They are polished and sonorous models of eloquence and quite the opposite of any that ex-Governor Smith has ever delivered.

The radio has not done right by Al; neither the radio nor the radio audience (outside of New York). They have been taught to expect turtle-wash from any man who holds a public office, and the result of someone blazing forth in the colloquial style of the street, with barbed humor, with pungent observations, was that Al Smith was looked upon with suspicion by a large majority of our sturdy citizens. Now that the political turtle-wash has begun to sour and smell, I suspect that a goodly number of us would even switch off from the Cotton Club Orchestra if we had the chance to listen to Al again. At least the men would.

Other Sound Effects

Albert C. Ritchie. (Democratic sponsorship.) Has put on a local program for a number of years whose merit has been recognized by a gradually increasing audience. Those who appreciate Löwenbrau and Château Pouget especially welcome his reception by a larger radio audience.

Hiram Bingham. (Republican sponsorship.) Of all the talent appearing on the great Republican Convention program, Senator Bingham made the most dramatic, most applauded appearance. His act lacks the dryness of most of his associates and is highly recommended.

Newton Diehl Baker. (Democratic sponsorship.) Has a select, appreciative, and intelligent radio audience. Not popular enough for mass appeal and therefore not selected for a place on his sponsor's major program. A number of critics would be willing to debate this decision. FORUM readers will like Baker whether they buy his product or not.

Patrick Jay Hurley. (Republican sponsorship.) A vociferous and enthusiastic performer making his first appearance on a national program of magnitude. Deserves about the same critical consideration as any average commercial announcer.

Simeon D. Fess. (Republican sponsorship.) At this date it has not been decided whether Mr. Fess will appear on the national chains. Perhaps it won't make much difference to you whether he does or not.

Sound effects are important for any radio program. The offerings sponsored by the Republican and Democratic Parties will be liberally supplied with sound. Unfortunately most of our statesmen will be the last to learn that with loudspeakers and monitor men controlling the volume of sound, there is no longer any need or reason to rip membranes from perfectly good throats in an effort to be heard.

Mr. Snell or Mr. Garfield's voice, I forget which because both were equally devoid of life at the Republican Convention, succeeded in making an imitation of sheet metal being torn into long strips. And instead of rasping his vocal chords to such a deplorable extent, James Farley's yapping for Mr. Roosevelt at the Democrats' hullabaloo could just as well have been lowered to a conversational tone. We should all have heard as well; better, I think.

The names of the talent listed above in what might be called their rating as radio talent will be heard frequently during the next few weeks from our radio sets. Some of them deserve your serious consideration. The sounds they make are the symbols of some thought and study. But after listening to all of them, even Mr. Ritchie, I still think none of them could do any better than Ed Wynn if he were given the same words that they delight in repeating.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Pale Horror

Continued from page 166

or the prophecy of inexorable doom —

At this moment Jules Bordet went scientific and made one test too many —

VIII

He must prove that this test is absolutely airtight, theoretically. So, as a final ultimate check on its scientific rightness, he takes another little tube, and into that tube goes the ground-up skin of a creature *that has no spirochetes*. It's normal skin and perfectly healthy. It's the kind of control test your ultimately accurate searcher — and only such a searcher — would think of. To this healthy ground-up skin (with no spirochetes) Bordet now adds just so many drops of the serum of a patient undoubtedly tainted with syphilis. And then into this mixture he drips a few drops of the fresh serum of a normal guinea pig.

Now there's never a doubt of what (by his proven theory) must happen. There are no spirochetes in that normal ground-up skin. So (there's no doubt of it) the blood-dissolving "X" in the guinea pig's serum can't be used up —

Into the tube he drips just the right number of drops of the sensitized red blood corpuscles of a rabbit. Then he waits — expectant. In a moment that brick-red opaqueness should be clearing —

He keeps waiting and nothing happens, nothing whatever. It's absolutely against his laws of immunity. The serum of this diseased patient had taken the blood-dissolving "X" out of the guinea pig serum — without any spirochetes there, to be sensitized —

According to his theory, the test can't be specific. He drops the whole business. . . .

So it happened that the famous Wassermann blood test wasn't called by the name of Bordet.*

He made one experiment too many.

IX

One year later — 1906, in Germany August von Wassermann tried the Bordet blood test on the serum of apes he'd infected with Schaudinn's pale horror. He couldn't have been quite so careful as our super-careful Belgian. He definitely stated that it was only when you used tissues with Schaudinn's spirochete, only then would such tissue, sensitized with the serum of a sick patient, take the blood-dissolving "X" out of the normal guinea pig serum. The very next year, searchers not only in France but in Austria found that Wasserman had slipped a cog on that particular detail of it. Bordet had been right on that last check test he'd made — super-careful. Extracts of hearts, livers, of perfectly healthy people or animals, mixed with the serum of folks tainted with the trouble, *did* take the blood-dissolving wallop out of normal guinea pig serum.

But here was the joke of it (on Bordet) — those same extracts, when you mixed them with *healthy* serum, didn't remove the blood-dissolving "X" —

So it was just as accurate to use them as if you'd had a pure culture of the pale spirochete —

So Wassermann who was wrong on a detail was right in general. And Bordet — greatest enemy of all theories — had muffed a deep new fact because it didn't fit his laws! And Wassermann was world famous.

Now to Wassermann — just as to Schaudinn — good news that his test could really uncover the hidden sickness began to roll in from thousands of laboratories, hospitals. Now men against death could really begin to look for the nine-tenths of the terrible ill that (like the iceberg) moved beneath the surface.

Now they could begin to spot the most diabolical variety of devilment — not having to look for Schaudinn's pale corkscrew that grew rarer and more dangerous as the sickness grew older.

Now often they could surprise that demon's lurking, even in the mysterious stage of the sickness, when it's not a sickness, when it's only "latent."

For the spirochete is the weirdest of all microbes at the bottom of human misery. After its first flaring it will settle down to be an *almost* or even completely harmless guest in a human body. Its host *may* live to a ripe age, harboring it, not knowing. Or again after a long harmless lingering, it'll rouse itself into a fatal gnawing in blood vessels, or heart, or bones, or nerves, or brain.

And before the days of the Bordet-Wassermann blood test, no human being could know which of these two fates would be his. This doesn't mean it's infallible. Even when it shows positive — your patient may yet remain healthy. Even though it's negative, and repeatedly — the patient cheered by that good news may yet be in terrible danger.

Yet there's never a doubt that it's a great jump forward in the death fight against the pale horror. For it's very nearly sure now that, so long as it stays positive, somewhere the pale corkscrews are lurking.

In the old days, the deceptive disappearance of the outside signs of the sickness was all that doctors could go by. To-day, the powerful remedies (of which you'll hear presently) more quickly than ever drive the spirochetes under cover — but don't necessarily kill the last single one of those demons.

Nobody will deny that a long record of outside good health and negative Wassermann tests, again and again and again, give such stricken people hope, and chase fear as it could never be banished in the old days. *Especially when the test isn't applied only to their blood.* (The next story will explain the terrible significance of these italics.)

When you think of the thousands of innocent (morally) who suffer from the pale horror, not knowing they're tainted, you'll understand its use to the death fighters. For as John Stokes puts it, almost every patient, no matter what his ailment, has had some symptoms that might occur in this loathsome malady. And many with no symptoms whatever hide latent corkscrew pale demons — waiting. . . .

When you remember the dreadful prevalence of the sickness, it looks pretty certain that it will be as much a matter of routine to blood-test your sick man or woman in their general examination, as it's routine now to examine the urine or listen to the heart —

Of course it's not infallible, because now and again it does give "false positives" — that accuse a sufferer when he's been utterly free from the pale horror his life long. The old test invented by Wassermann is almost surely going to be replaced by the simpler, more accurate, much more fool-proof Kahn test.

But that's a story yet to be told. . . .

Meanwhile, it's really Bordet we have to thank for the extraordinary science that will — as you'll see in the grim story that's coming — prophesy almost sure doom for a person years before it closes down on him. It's fundamentally Bordet these maybe doomed wretches should go on their knees to — for the test that'll show death fighters their danger *in time to combat it.*

* Bordet has never published the history of his attempt to apply the Bordet-Gengou reaction to syphilis. The present account is based on personal conversation of the writer with Bordet in 1930.

"The Pale Horror" will be continued in our next issue.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SCHOOLS for Forum Families

FOR GIRLS

The ANNA HEAD School

College Preparatory. General Courses. Accredited — East and West. Post Graduate Department. Lower School. Music, Art, Home Economics. Outdoor life the year round. Swimming, Hockey. Tennis. Modern equipment. New Buildings.

Write for illustrated catalog

Mary E. Wilson, L. H. D., Principal
2524 Channing Way **Berkeley, Calif.**

GODDARD

The Girls' School in Vermont. College Preparatory, Secretarial, General, Music and Art Courses. Advanced courses of Junior College character in Economics, Languages, and Business Methods for graduate students. Outdoor sports the year round. Modern dormitory facilities. Endowment permits moderate tuition.

Melita Knowles, Principal
Goddard School, Box 20 **Barre, Vermont**

KINGSWOOD SCHOOL CRANBROOK

Endowed School for girls, grades 7–12. College preparatory, general and post-graduate instruction. 50 hilly acres on lake near Detroit. New, Beautiful Buildings. Arts and crafts emphasized.

Dr. Katharine Rogers Adams, Principal
130 Cranbrook Road, Bloomfield Hills, Mich.

MILWAUKEE–DOWNER SEMINARY

Accredited College Preparation for Girls. Liberal Academic Course. Music, Art, Domestic Science. Complete Equipment. Gymnasium. Tuition $800. Small Classes. Individual Attention.

For catalog address the Principal
Anna A. Raymond, A.M.,
Milwaukee-Downer Seminary,
Box R, Milwaukee, Wisc.

FOR BOYS

BLAIR ACADEMY

A splendidly equipped school for boys, in the highlands of northern New Jersey. 65 miles from New York City.

Graduates in leading Eastern Colleges. 5-year course. Thorough preparation for College Board Examinations and College Certificates.

310 Acres. Golf. Gymnasium. Pool.

Charles H. Breed, Ed.D., Headmaster
Box 30 **Blairstown, N. J.**

BLUE RIDGE

An accredited preparatory school of high standards and resultful methods. Located in picturesque "Land of the Sky." Small classes. Modern buildings and equipment. Cultured Christian Home Life. All sports including Golf.

For catalog address
Joseph R. Sandifer, A.B., Headmaster
Box M, Hendersonville **North Carolina**

CRANBROOK

Endowed school for 250 boys, near Detroit

Grades 7–12 Prepares for all colleges

All buildings new. Small classes. Art, music, science, sports emphasized. 72 acres. Hobby clubs; canoeing; sound movies.

William O. Stevens, Ph.D., Headmaster
1030 Lone Pine Road, Bloomfield Hills, Mich.

MOSES BROWN

An endowed Friends' school with an excellent record in preparing boys for leading colleges. 25-acre elm-shaded campus. Athletic fields, Gymnasium. Swimming pool. Established 1784. Interesting and helpful extra-curricula activities.

For illustrated catalog address
L. Ralston Thomas, Headmaster
295 Hope St. **Providence, R. I.**

STONY BROOK

Character Before Career. Develops the whole boy — mentally, morally, and physically. Experienced instructors prepare students for any College or Technical School in the country. 35 acres on beautiful Long Island. All athletics and school activities. For catalog address:

Frank E. Gaebelein, Litt.D., Head Master
Box F **Stony Brook, Long Island, N. Y.**

Write direct to the heads of the Schools that appeal to you for catalogs, or write

PORTER SARGENT
Educational Adviser, 11 Beacon St., Boston

OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting on articles that have appeared in The Forum. Due to space limitations, the Editor reserves the right to publish the letters only in part.

The League of Nations

To the Editor:

Mr. Paul Hutchinson's discussion of the League of Nations ("The League To-day") in your July issue bestows much unmerited praise on the Irreconcilables whose bitter opposition prevented the United States from entering the League. While admitting that "petty spite" had much to do with the defeat of President Wilson in his efforts to have the treaty ratified by the Senate, Mr. Hutchinson concludes that, because of its present state of ineffectiveness, the League should have been rejected and that its opponents were right and its supporters wrong. This is begging the question with a vengeance.

Small wonder that the League has failed to measure up to its possibilities, with the most powerful of all nations outside the circle and with some of the old Irreconcilables still in positions of power here at home.

It is fair to assume that, had President Wilson and his host of supporters succeeded in bringing us into the League, our leadership and co-operation would have resulted in a far different state of international affairs than now obtains. A few early demonstrations of its ability to maintain peace and to insure justice might have established the League on a plane which would have made recent flaunting of its authority impossible. As well conclude that "petty spite" has almost wrecked the world as to claim that the superior foresight of certain "statesmen" saved us from disaster.

W. B. Hengy

Oroville, Calif.

Normal for Thirty Minutes

To the Editor:

An amazing article, that of Senator Brookhart ("Let's Abandon the Gold Standard," July Forum). It does much to explain the so-called Depression. The keynote seems to be that we have had thirty minutes of normal in fifty years. This, it seems to me, should of itself make the thirty minutes abnormal and the remaining forty-nine and a fraction years normal. A fever patient, sick fifty years, attains normal for thirty minutes!

To try to analyze this article is impossible. It has thirty ounces of sense and fifty tons of absurdity. I thank you for printing it, however. It is one of the sprightliest comments on our government I have ever seen.

Porter Emerson Browne

Hollywood, Calif.

THE FIRST SHIP *in the* CHINA TRADE Had Just Cleared Port

The first American merchantman to establish direct trade with China was the Empress of China, *Capt. Green. Sailing from New York on February 22, 1784, she reached Canton in May and returned home in August, after a profitable voyage.* ¶ *So great was the interest in this venture that Congress passed a resolution expressing satisfaction at its success.* ¶ *It was on the day after the* Empress *sailed that first steps were taken toward the founding of the Bank of New York—whose history has thus paralleled that of American commerce and whose services have so often aided its growth.*

FOR 148 years this Bank has consistently adhered to the aims of its founders. Constructively adopting new ideas and new facilities, it has in each generation provided a service in line with the needs of the times, and represented the desirable qualities of an old and tried institution. ¶ Among the cardinal principles of this Bank is its belief that personal relationship is the first essential for commercial banking and trusteeship. Here business is transacted in an atmosphere of personal interest that is especially welcome and helpful in the conduct of Estates and Trusts.

BANK *of* NEW YORK *and* TRUST COMPANY

Established 1784

48 Wall Street, New York

New York Clearing House Membership Number One ★

Uptown Office: Madison Avenue at 63rd Street

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHERE-TO-GO
Hotel, Resort, and Travel Department
1906 - Every Month in 7 Magazines - 1932

Atlantic Monthly, Current History, The Forum, The Golden Book, Harpers Magazine, Review of Reviews - World's Work and Scribner's Magazine

For space and rates write to
The Where-to-go Bureau, 8 Beacon Street
Boston, Mass.

TRAVEL
India

$400
MONTH'S
WINTER TOUR

● Never has the dollar bought so much in rupees. See India this winter . . . go as you *please . . . live* like a rajah on the cost of a Ford. Royal Delhi, Taj Mahal, Afghan Peshawar, *pilgrims* at Benares, the buried cities of Ceylon, fascinating bazaars. Write for information, *itineraries to Delhi* House, 38 East 57th Street, New York, or your own agent.

INDIA STATE RAILWAYS

EUROPE $5.95 a day
All Countries. All Expenses. 1st Class Hotels
26,000 Satisfied Clients. Send for booklet.
ALLEN TOURS, 154 Boylston St., BOSTON

FINANCIAL SERVICE

●

Mr. Donald Rea Hanson, Editor of *"Downtown,"* will be glad to give *Forum* readers his opinion regarding matters of investment. No advice regarding speculative operations will be given. Postage for reply should be enclosed.

Address
EDITOR "DOWNTOWN"

Our Rostrum

Draft the Unemployed

To the Editor:

Eleven millions of the unemployed or eight millions? Socialist figures or Republican figures? Suppose we accept the Republican figures. What are we going to do with that army of eight millions this coming winter?

Mr. Foster, in "Better than the Bonus" (August FORUM), tells us of the unlimited calls for constructive work ready to the hand of the army. Why not take the bull by the horns and set them to work at once? When we decided to enter the war to end war, we drafted men, fed them, clothed them, drilled them, and sent them to the trenches in France. Now we are engaged in an effort to end the starvation, the begging, the stealing, the banditry of the unemployed. If we had the power to draft men to go overseas to dig trenches and dugouts and to kill their fellow men, haven't we the power to draft men to dig canals and build roads and reservoirs, to dredge rivers and harbors, even to build houses?

Congress authorized the draft that took our youth to France to destroy. Congress can authorize the draft that will put every one of the unemployed to work, here at home, to build. The Army and Navy officers and engineers handled the army sent away to kill. The same officers and engineers can handle this army kept at home to serve. When the killing was ended, that army was brought home and disbanded. When the depression ends, when there is a normal demand for workers, this army of the unemployed can be disbanded gradually as the demand develops.

Immediately, upon the drafting of this army of the unemployed, the call for food and clothing and housing will go out to mills and mines, to farms and ranches and railroads, and we shall have, not a winter of fear, privation, suffering, and starvation-provoked crime, but one of constructive, satisfying industry.

EDWIN G. BROWN

Marinette, Wis.

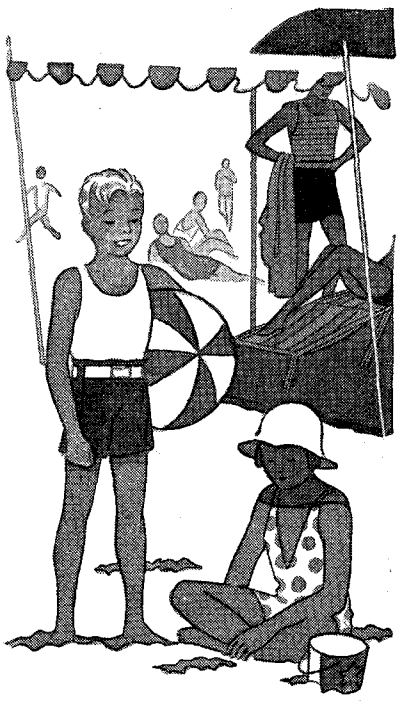
Why I Quit the Church

To the Editor:

I am especially interested in "I'm Going Back to Church," in your July issue, because I have myself been through the same experience. Only, being an older man, I have gone one stage further.

Like your anonymous author, I was brought up to attend church and was duly converted. Then I went off to college and discovered how much that I had been taught is not true. So I quit the church.

Then the children came along, and I went back to take them, just as your author did. I, too, sang in the choir, taught in the Sunday school, and found "something peculiarly restful about the



Down to the sea

TREAT yourself to some relaxation now . . . while the shore is at its best. Lie on the beach. Bathe in the perfect sea, warm from the summer sun. Play golf with the tang of the sea in your nostrils.

Come back to the hotel for complete and satisfying meals. A pleasant evening in the lounge and concert rooms. . . . A night of deep and healthful sleep.

There are game rooms. Ocean decks. Squash courts. A conditioning course that includes health baths and nude sun bathing. . . . And we've a pleasant and congenial atmosphere, to serve as a perfect background for recreation. Write for information. Rates are lower than they have been in years.

Come for the Flower and Garden Pageant, September 3-10.

American and European Plans

CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL
ATLANTIC CITY
Leeds and Lippincott Company

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Our Rostrum

service." I stuck it out till the children got into high school. Then I gave it up. I haven't been inside a church for years.

What beat me, what will finally beat your contributor, is what Matthew Arnold, quoting Celsus, calls that "lack of intellectual seriousness" which nowadays clings to everything with which any church has to do. It is not merely the sermons, with what Charles William Eliot used to term their "intellectual frugality." The whole atmosphere of the sanctuary is foolish with the same old "foolishness of preaching."

No doubt churches and Sunday schools have their places. But their mental level nowadays is too low for any thoughtful parent to expose for long his young people to their influence. Your contributor goes back to church, but, *experto credite*, he will not remain!

E. T. Brewster

Andover, Mass.

On Returning, Regardless

To the Editor:

In "I'm Going Back to Church," Anonymous intimates that he has weighed the question pro and con, but is going back, regardless.

As I see it he is returning to the religious habits of his childhood, minus the live curiosity of the child and the child's eager questioning of the biblical myth and things ethical. His is a return for the sake of convenience, the convenience of stilled scruples. A peace of palliatives. He notes the money changers in the temple, the hypocrites, and the hard of heart. But he glances elsewhere with an easy tolerance. He notes the discrepancies, the specious tenets of the church. And yet — well, because he was married by the church and, for the sake of conformity, must be buried by it, he decides to embrace the dear old doctrines again. Not wholly, however. He has his reservations and from now on he will be in the church, yet not quite of it.

Henceforth he will join in the kindly oblations to Babbitt — the cake eating, the subsequent indigestions, the mild stewing over the baskets to the poor, the vapid speech-making at the men's club and the ladies' auxiliary — with a faint nostalgia. This gentle humbug, extended over a period of years, he hopes will gain him this surcease, this inner contentment. Incidentally, no doubt, he anticipates a certain refulgence, a slight glow, nay more, perhaps in time a wraithlike aura, who knows?

Yet the disgruntled intelligentsia must still raise an eyebrow to inquire where Cain got his wife and which is right, the church which twenty years ago deemed it a sin to dance, or the one which now condones it. They must still question the wisdom of those who harbor blind beliefs,

Dividend Notice

Common Stock Quarterly Dividend No. 92 of 75 cents per share, payable August 15, 1932, to stockholders of record July 20, 1932.

$6.00 Preferred Stock Quarterly Dividend No. 100 of $1.50 per share, payable July 15, 1932, to stockholders of record June 30, 1932.

Dividends on the foregoing issues, as well as on all the outstanding Preferred issues of the subsidiary companies (whose common stocks are owned by Pacific Lighting Corporation) have been paid without interruption since the initial dividend.

PACIFIC LIGHTING CORPORATION

AND SUBSIDIARY COMPANIES

Consolidated Statement of Revenues, Expenses and Cash Dividends for the Twelve Months Ended June 30

	1932	*1931*
Gross Revenue	$47,811,201.93	$46,703,890.91
Deduct Operating Expenses and Taxes	25,399,686.99	25,306,122.26
Net Income Before Bond Interest	22,411,514.94	21,397,768.65
Deduct Bond Interest	5,495,265.98	5,673,530.26
Net Income After Bond Interest	16,916,248.96	15,724,238.39
Deduct		
Depreciation	6,978,851.83	6,945,262.02
Amortization	275,329.47	351,326.03
Net Income Before Dividends on Preferred Stock of Subsidiaries	9,662,067.66	8,427,650.34
Deduct		
Dividends on Preferred Stock of Subsidiaries	1,895,041.38	1,987,714.67
Dividends on Minority Interest in Common Stock	413.60	817.46
Net Income for Pacific Lighting Corporation	7,766,612.68	6,439,118.21
Dividends on Preferred Stock	882,245.92	832,864.10
Cash Dividends on Common Stock	4,825,893.00	4,825,893.00
Remainder to Surplus	$ 2,058,473.76	$ 780,361.11
Per Share Balance Available for Dividends on Common Stock Equals	*$4.28*	*$3.49*
Special Reserve (not included in above report of revenue) of amounts collected under certain rates in litigation	$1,470,609.85	$ 779,792.58

PACIFIC LIGHTING CORPORATION, 433 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO

THE WAY PAST THE EDITOR

Write to Sell

Modern, practical training in fiction writing under David Raffelock; 80% of those trained sell stories before completing to national magazines; 100% are thoroughly, efficiently trained. Send for "The Way Past the Editor," free.

THE SIMPLIFIED TRAINING COURSE
1837 Champa Street Denver, Colo.

FORK UNION MILITARY ACADEMY

Fully accredited. Prepares for college or business. Able faculty. Small classes. Supervised study. Lower School for small boys in new separate building. Housemother. R. O. T. C. Fireproof buildings. Inside swimming pool. All athletics. Best health record. Catalog 35th year. Dr. J. J. Wicker, Pres., Col. N. J. Perkins, H. M. Box F Fork Union, Virginia.

At All Good Newsstands
THE FORUM
25 cents a copy

Ten Million Story Plots

— all different — can be built around any idea with the aid of the Plot-Robot Genie. Endorsed by editors and American Fiction Guild — widely used by successful authors and the story departments of Motion Picture Studios — priceless aid to new writers. Write for full information today. No obligation. ERNEST E. GAGNON CO., 780 Union Insurance Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Our Rostrum

who cry with anxious partisanship, "Lo! here! Lo! there!" when any belief is at best a long shot in the dark, with not a chance in ten million years of finding the target — Truth.

OSCAR E. TURNGREN

Hopkins, Minn.

In Defense of Education

To the Editor:

Mr. C. J. Thornquest's decision ("Getting Back to Earth," July FORUM) to go back to the soil may be praiseworthy, but his general conclusions are rubbish — dangerous rubbish. Says he to us, in effect: The clouds are threatening, and gloomy is the path. Abandon that cargo of hardly won knowledge. Seek safety in retreat. And so find a greater victory!

I also have been through the educational mill. I am part of this year's crop of advertising, accounting, and other business experts, competition with whom Mr. Thornquest deems futile. But there's nothing to compete for. I live in the city, no going back to the soil for me. So apparently I'm in a deeper hole than Mr. Thornquest. Am I justified, therefore, in reviling education — the education that has given me an eye for beauty and a hunger for it, that has broadened my horizons, quickened my mental life, and shown me how to use that tool which is mightier than the sword? These are fundamentals unaffected by the present market rate on college graduates.

For want of a job Mr. Thornquest would condemn education. What he should really find fault with is the ill-planned economic scheme of things and the present lack of correlation between a world painfully evolving into a co-operative society and the individualistic educational system. Instead, he damns education for making, or trying to make, an intelligent, thinking man out of him.

TED HANDELMAN

Bronx, N. Y.

The Spirit of Our Schools

To the Editor:

Mr. Thornquest manifests the spirit that dominates our educational institutions of to-day. Only after he had failed in every attempt to secure a "white collar" job did he come down to earth and decide to go back to the soil. He says that in going back to the farm he doesn't "expect to make a profit, and life will be coarse and crude." Why should it be so? Why should the simple and necessary things of life make anyone "coarse and crude?" Why should a man write in an apologetic vein about growing foodstuff and the raw material out of which his clothes are made? Why should thinkers apologize for digging in the soil? And is it impossible for diggers to think? Is digging incompatible with culture and refinement? Why shouldn't college graduates plow and hoe as well as keep books and teach and preach and become professional men and politicians?

Love of glory and ease has gripped the race in the past. Haven't our schools encouraged it in our young people?

J. W. MCWHORTER

Winder, Ga.

A Doctor Objects

To the Editor:

In "A Doctor's Advice to His Critics," in the June FORUM, we note the statements: "Now that I am at work, I will get that money absolutely honestly if I can. If I cannot, then I will get it dishonestly."

No wonder he wrote anonymously. But in order to give his patients a sporting chance he should broadcast among them the above excerpt with his name attached. They are entitled to know what they are up against, that their family physician has announced himself as out for the money, determined to take it away from them by hook or crook.

Dr. Anonymous was speaking for himself, not for the medical profession, which still has certain standards and ideals.

G. B. LEMMON, M. D.

Springfield, Mo.

Objection Sustained

To the Editor:

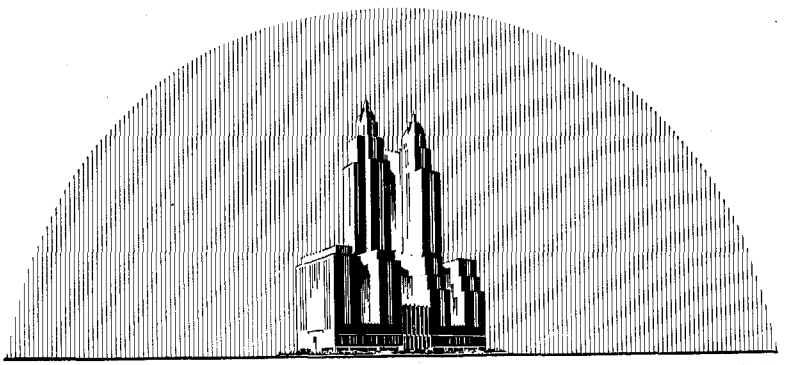
"A Doctor's Advice to His Critics" has aroused my interest, indignation, and wonder. I have wondered if this honest-if-he-can, dishonest-if-he-can't doctor has a son, and if so whether he instructs him thus: "My son, honesty is an elastic term."

It happens that I myself have a young son in one of the professions. So far, he has made very little money and is somewhat discouraged, and I am so deeply concerned, so fearful lest this fact tempt him to stoop to sordid trickery in his dealings with others that I continually hymn the battle cry of the decent: "Keep clean hands! Save alive your self respect though you starve for it!" And always with the refrain: "There are no degrees in honesty."

This to the aforementioned doctor, is doubtless old-fashioned, out-moded. To him it would be. Yet it seems to me, and I am sure to many others, deeply essential that we preserve for posterity at least a leaven of that certain high untarnishable integrity that alone distinguishes our race from the beasts of the field.

OLIVE NORSWORTHY

Hardeeville, S. C.



PARK AVENUE • 49TH TO 50TH STS • NEW YORK

THE WALDORF-ASTORIA

There is a Waldorf that you see... and a greater Waldorf that you don't see... the tremendous service establishment. Only by staying there, can you appreciate its personal helpfulness, its practical advantages.

★

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED